

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1878.

The Week.

THE short session has had at least the good effect of hastening the appropriation bills. To those already passed by the House the Pension Bill was added on Thursday, and the Postal-Car Deficiency Bill on Tuesday, while the Senate has passed with amendments the Military Academy and the Fortification and Diplomatic appropriation bills. On Wednesday week the House passed by 139 to 101 Mr. Reagan's bill to regulate inter-State commerce. More than three-fourths of the yeas came from Southern and Western members; but parties and sections were both divided on this vote. On Thursday and again on Saturday the Geneva Award Bill was discussed. On Friday Fernando Wood succeeded in getting passed a resolution of enquiry into the alleged outrages committed in this city by Commissioner Davenport at the late election by illegal arrests, imprisonments, "indignity, insult, and intimidation." On Monday Mr. Chalmers, Representative of the river district of Mississippi, failed to suspend the rules in order to pass a vaguely-worded bill punishing Federal officers for interfering with the election of members of Congress or of President by bribery, or "by use or abuse of official privilege, or by threats, *influence*, etc."! Mr. Blaine's speech on his resolution of enquiry into the Southern electoral outrages was tamely delivered on Wednesday week, and could not excite an even interesting debate then or on Tuesday, when the resolution was passed with important extensions and modifications, and with a transfer from the Judiciary Committee to a select committee—a sensible move, of Mr. Conkling's proposing, who has no idea of serving in the investigation; but, for that matter, neither has Mr. Blaine, who makes haste to waive the chairmanship, by duty his as well as by usage, and so adds the finishing touch to the humor of his "great effort." The Edmunds Electoral-Count Bill passed the Senate on Friday by 35 to 26, the yeas including Judge Davis, and three Southerners and Democrats, Senators Bayard, of Delaware; Merri-man, of North Carolina; and Morgan, of Alabama.

Mr. Blaine's speech was generally disappointing. The audience, which was large, had assembled in expectation of a burst of impassioned invective, to be probably followed by an old-fashioned row with the Southerners, and were treated to a short essay not unlike, both in substance and dimensions, an average editorial article on the South in a country paper, and which he read aloud. His thesis was that the failure of the Constitutional Amendments to give the negro vote to the Republicans is an unendurable wrong. The efforts of the *Times* and *Tribune*, and particularly of the former, to make the delivery of the speech appear a great occasion, have been a curious display of journalistic energy. The speech only occupied two columns of the *Times*, but the introductory description of the scene in the Senate occupied just as much, and was modelled on Macaulay's account of the opening of the Warren Hastings trial. The quality of the rhetoric and the spirit in which the subject was treated may be inferred from the passage in which Mr. Blaine compares the Southern negro "to those unhappy captives in the East who, deprived of their birthright, are compelled to yield their strength to the upbuilding of the monarch from whose tyrannies they have most to fear, and to fight against the power from which alone deliverance might have been expected." Unless we are greatly mistaken, no human power will induce Mr. Blaine to say who are "the unhappy captives" in the East, and who the brutal monarch.

The speech has apparently fallen very flat, and is praised by the "Stalwart" press in a very hollow, perfunctory way. The *Times*

mentions with unconscious humor that Mr. Blaine "barely noticed the rudimentary facts of the case"—the "rudimentary facts" being really the whole case. Without them there is nothing left but rudimentary fustian, and it was a great mistake not to give his whole time to them. The story that Messrs. Edmunds and Conkling purposely avoided listening to him, the latter's pen "going scratch, scratch, scratch" the whole time, has been indignantly contradicted by those gentlemen. If Mr. Conkling had not been correcting a proof he would have drunk in every word. The replies of Messrs. Thurman and Lamar did not rise much above the level of the attack, and there was one bout of repartee between Mr. Thurman and Mr. Blaine which was at least not worthy of the Senate.

Mr. Edmunds's Electoral-Count Bill was passed in the Senate on Friday by a fair majority, after an able speech in its favor by Mr. Bayard. Doubts are entertained, however, whether it will be equally fortunate in the House, owing to Democratic opposition, though why the Democrats should oppose it, seeing that they will have the control in both Houses under any circumstances, it would puzzle the keenest observer to explain. The most probable hypothesis is that as they know they will have the power in their own hands at the next election, they prefer not to tie themselves up by any hard-and-fast rule, and to take the chances of any scrimmage that may arise. Among a great many of the baser sort, too, there is a strong desire for revenge for the "eight-to-seven" catastrophe, and they are not only not particular how they get it, but would, on the whole, like to get it through a smart dodge of some kind. The feeling of having been frequently "euchred" of late indeed pervades the whole party, and has not had a strengthening effect on its morals any more than a sweetening effect on its temper. The *Brooklyn Eagle* confirms this view by declaring that the bill will fail in the House because it proposes to provide remedies for evils which grew out of an abnormal political situation—that is, the carpet-bag régime at the South—and as this has passed away there is no need of the remedies. The majority in the House will not adopt it because they think "a redress of the fraud of two years ago first in order"—whatever this may mean.

Mr. Reagan's bill to regulate inter-state commerce is, except Mr. Edmunds's Electoral Bill, the most important measure now before Congress, and will, if enacted, have, whether for good or ill, a very marked effect both on trade and transportation. On Wednesday week Mr. Reagan introduced a substitute for his original bill, containing several important changes, and the main question was ordered on it, one hour being allowed for debate. Most of this hour was filled by Mr. Reagan himself, and he then allowed three minutes to Mr. Potter, of New York, to state his objections to it. Thirty minutes more were subsequently conceded for the discussion, and then the vote was taken. After this it will hardly be believed, but is nevertheless true, that the bill prohibits railroads engaged in transportation from one State or Territory to or through another, or to a foreign country, from making "special rates" for freight to any person whatsoever, and from carrying goods for a long distance at any less rate than for a short distance, or carrying one hundred car-loads at any less rate than one car-load. The effect of this would be, first, to take away from the States an important part of their control over their respective railroads; secondly, to make a beginning by Congress of interference with the manner of carrying on a huge branch of the national industry, and this after ninety minutes' debate; thirdly, to deprive the Western producers of the cheap access to their principal market which they now enjoy; fourthly, to make it impossible for the railroads to adapt their rates from time to time to the prices of produce in Liverpool and London; and fifthly, to bring all the lobbying powers of the corporations to bear

on Congress to bring about fresh regulation every session, adding one more to the existing sources of "influence" and corruption. There are plenty of abuses in the management of the great freight lines which need correction, and some of them are within the reach of legislation; but they can only be properly dealt with after careful enquiry and by a body of experts.

Mr. Buckner's heroic treatment of the silver difficulty is in striking contrast with that proposed by M. Cernuschi, of which account is given in another part of this paper. The American statesman (chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee) proposes to raise the level of silver by draining off the European surplus—to coin silver without restriction in America till its equivalence with gold is restored. His bill for that purpose lately introduced into Congress will give great comfort to Mr. Goschen and the India Board, and will rejoice the heart of M. Léon Say. Like the giant who attempted to reduce his enemy's castle by drinking the moat dry, he may burst in the attempt, but his heroism will certainly entitle him to a martyr's crown—of silver. This is one of the cases where extreme measures meet: M. Cernuschi proposing to starve England into submission, by drawing away her gold and by refusing to take any of her silver, and Mr. Buckner aiming to accomplish the same result of practical bi-metallism by taking all her silver and giving her all our gold. M. Cernuschi's plan looks to the ultimate forcing of his favorite panacea upon all nations. Mr. Buckner's might possibly accomplish Mr. Goschen's ideal of a community of states each adopting a single standard, but part of them gold and part of them silver, the one to balance the other. M. de Laveleye has lately pointed out a fatal weakness in Mr. Goschen's plan, in that it leaves no meeting ground or point of exchange between silver and gold. France used to furnish such a meeting ground, and the Paris mint turned silver into gold or gold into silver as the exigencies of commerce might require. Under the new Latin Treaty, however, its crucibles will be idle for that purpose for seven years to come, unless again set at work by the common consent of the treaty powers. So long as M. Frère-Orban remains Prime Minister of Belgium, and M. Feer-Herzog continues to represent Switzerland in the conferences, that consent is not likely to be obtained.

The Silver Commission have made their report. It relates that only three delegations, and these not representing populous states, advocated mono-metallism in the sense of the Conference of 1867; that the position of England was peculiar, inasmuch as the chairman of her delegation declared that universal gold mono-metallism was utopian, and that the rejection of silver by every state would prove disastrous in its consequences. Switzerland and Belgium were hostile to bi-metallism, and the attitude of Belgium, which has hitherto been bi-metallic, was "disappointing" to the Commission, and its defection proved a serious obstacle in their way, both by its direct vote and its influence on France, which was afraid to drive any member of the Latin Union into revolt. The Commission express in strong terms their condemnation of any scheme for increasing the pressure of existing debts by diminishing the amount of the precious metals in which they may be paid, and maintain that the resumption of specie payments by the countries now in suspension would be greatly facilitated by the retention of silver. They confess that they were placed at a disadvantage in the Conference by the belief of the other delegates that the United States had silver to sell, and they conclude by acknowledging that they did not find much support in the other delegations for the theory of the practicability of "a concurrent circulation of the two metals in the same country," or find any of them willing to recommend the experiment to their own governments. The fact is, we presume, that there was a great deal of human nature in the Conference, and each country wanted its neighbors to take the silver and let it have the gold; but then this was well known and freely pointed out before the Commission was created, but there was so much shouting and vituperation that the voice of reason and common sense could not make itself heard.

The situation, so far as the resumption of specie payments by the Treasury is concerned, has greatly improved during the week. Gold sold on Tuesday at 100. The speculators in Wall Street who had bought, according to common understanding, about \$10,000,000 of gold, have been selling it out again, having failed to find banks that would give them the necessary facilities for handling the gold. As the only trouble that was expected outside of Congress, which is soon to adjourn until after the day for resumption, was from these speculators, their apparent abandonment of their purpose has done much to give confidence where it was needed. It is true that a considerable amount of foreign capital has been invested in bills on London, and will remain in these bills, or in some other form in London, during the first few weeks of specie payments here. These purchases of bills have advanced the rates for sterling until demand drafts are within a point and a half of the specie-exporting point. Bankers here show no concern about this advance, and do not think that exchange on London will advance to the specie-exporting point. It may be said that the financial condition of our Treasury, the condition of our foreign trade, the attitude of the banks, and public opinion are all in favor of the successful beginning of specie-payments, and of their maintenance until enough silver dollars are coined and put into circulation to create a difference in the market between the gold dollar and the silver dollar. This will probably be months hence, but is likely to occur before the end of the year 1879. The market for silver bullion has been heavy during the week; the closing price in London was 50*l.* per oz., and the bullion value of the 412½-grain silver dollar here at the close of the week was \$0.8469.

The conflict between the British Ministry and the Opposition continues to be unusually fierce and bitter. As usual, the Liberals have been beaten in both Houses, though in the Commons by a reduced majority; but for this they were prepared, as since the passage of the Reform Bill there has been no such compact and impervious majority as the Cabinet holds in the Commons. The war is accordingly carried on with great violence in the newspapers, and Lord Northbrook, the late Viceroy of India, and the Duke of Argyll have both published in the morning papers attacks on Lord Cranbrook's late despatch, giving a résumé of the relations of the Indian Government with the Amir of Afghanistan since 1863. The Duke of Argyll denounces it in almost unmeasured language, and in a round-about way makes the charge of falsehood which has so often been brought against the Beaconsfield Cabinet. The *Economist* confesses that it is only too well founded, and it begins to be said, even by cool men, that if the Ministers do not restrain themselves the reputation of English public men for common truthfulness will be frittered away. The precise point against Lord Cranbrook is that he slurs over a telegram of Lord Northbrook's and a despatch of the Gladstone Ministry in such a way as to make it appear that when the Amir applied for protection against Russia after the fall of Khiva it was flatly denied him, whereas the despatch and the Viceroy's subsequent reply show that it was promised him, with the reservation that the British Government would itself judge whether the time had come to afford him armed assistance.

In the debate in the Lords, Lord Cranbrook was assailed by Lord Northbrook himself in a cruel manner, and almost made to confess that he had been guilty of perversion. But the exposure of the Marquis of Salisbury was something worse still, worse even than the equivocation about the Shuvaloff Memorandum. Lord Northbrook asked him how he came to say in June, 1877, that there had been no change in the Afghan policy of the Government, and none in its relations with the Amir, and no "reason for any apprehension as to a change of policy," when, as the papers showed, a rupture with the Amir had at that moment actually occurred. To this Lord Salisbury replied that what he meant was that the relations of the Government with the little Khanate of Khelat were unchanged. This appears to be generally acknowledged to be worse than anything that has yet occurred in the history of this singular Minis-

try, and has led the usually decorous *Spectator* to accuse the Foreign Secretary of "fibbing."

At this writing the Commons are debating the resolution of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, charging the cost of the war, \$100,000,000 probably, to India, which is already on the verge of bankruptcy. This is a crucial matter with the Ministry, because they dare not face English constituencies with fresh burdens in the present condition of trade and industry, and the Liberals resist on the ground mainly that to allow them to charge India with the cost of a war entered on without consulting Parliament would be virtually to release their foreign policy from parliamentary control altogether. They might fight in Asia Minor in defence of their friends the Turks, and charge it to India. Notice was given of a motion for a grant in aid of the Mussulman refugees in the Rhodope district, but this was withdrawn in view of the Liberal opposition. The report of the Commission about these refugees is believed to be of questionable accuracy, and to have been compiled in the Turkish interest, and then it is felt that there would be a great deal of mockery of a cruel kind in voting money for Turkish fugitives in the present condition of English operatives. A curious prophecy of the late Mr. Bagehot, written in 1874, has been published, in which he predicts a long tenure of office for the Conservatives, owing to the entrance on the scene of a generation which does not know all the Liberals have done for the country, and wants to rest and enjoy its wealth. But he did not believe that the Conservatives would be led by Lord Beaconsfield, for whom he expresses the feeling of contempt current with regard to that personage before the Turco-Russian war, holding him to be an elderly novelist with no capacity for business, or for anything else but the manufacture of stinging epigrams.

In Afghanistan nothing notable has occurred, but the early occupation of Jalalabad is assured by an embassy of officials from that city to Dacca offering their persons and services to General Browne, and, as is reported, urging him to go to Cabul and quell the anarchy there by setting up a new government. The Amir is said to be craving peace through Major Cavagnari at the same time that Candahar is being reinforced from Herat and by Turcoman cavalry. General Roberts has made a gratifying reconnaissance to the Shutargardan Pass, which he found undefended and the country friendly. Surmounting this he would be able to cut the communication between Cabul and Ghazni. He is still fortifying the Peiwar Camp, however, and had trouble in his rear on Sunday, when a convoy was attacked with some loss by "a predatory tribe."

Since the assembling of the Austrian and Hungarian delegations at Pesth, almost simultaneously with the opening of the new Hungarian Diet, Count Andrassy has been passing through a double parliamentary ordeal. In the Diet the brunt of the attacks on his policy has been borne by the President of the Hungarian Ministry, M. Tisza, who, with his associates, has had to combat not only various proposed addresses to the Crown, severely censuring the action of both the Hungarian and the Common Cabinet in reference to the Bosnian campaign and what preceded it, but also to face a proposed resolution of impeachment for illegal support given to that unpopular enterprise. In the Delegations Andrassy himself has had to explain and defend what, to his embarrassment, can be explained only with great diplomatic reserve, and defended only on the plea of fatality. This unpleasant kind of work he has done with wonted dexterity, repeatedly speaking in both delegations. On the situation in general we shall comment at length next week. Its latest phase, as shown by telegrams of December 15, is still indicative of contest, the Austrian delegation, unlike the Hungarian, stubbornly opposing almost every further step suggested by the Government in matters connected with the army. Fortunately for Andrassy, the adverse majority in the Austrian delegation is much smaller than the favorable one in the Hungarian; the Vienna Reichsrath is momentarily inactive, Bosnia pacified, a part of the army of occu-

pation withdrawn, and an Austro-Turkish convention—as M. Waddington has just declared in the French Senate—on the point of being concluded.

The Italian Parliament opened on the 21st of November, while the feeling excited by the attempted assassination of the King was still fresh. Signor Cairoli was prevented by his wound from attending, and the opening address was made by his colleague, Zanardelli. His brief remarks, in spite of their allusions to the King's narrow escape, were greeted with the utmost coldness, while the President of the House received by pointed contrast the most lively applause for his allusions to the same event. It was clear that the days of the Ministry were numbered. By adjournment and delays, due to the reluctance of the Minister of the Interior to meet interpellations alone without his chief, the crisis was put off till Wednesday of last week, when the House rejected an order of the day expressing the confidence of Parliament in the Ministry's ability to maintain order with liberty. The majority was heavy, 237 to 185. The King, partly from personal liking, as would appear, and partly from gratitude to his late rescuer, endeavored to persuade Cairoli to reform his Cabinet, but Cairoli declined, and the latest news is that a new Ministry has been undertaken by Signor Depretis, the most moderate of the three leaders of the Left.

The Republicans in France are apparently suffering from one of the not infrequent consequences of a complete victory. The courts are largely filled with judges who were appointed under the Empire, or by the Conservatives since 1870, and whose political sympathies are not with the Republic, and this in France is a more serious matter than it would be here, as the judicial discretion is wide, and the public is used to considering the judge a semi-executive officer. The spectacle of Government defeats in the courts is, therefore, not uncommon, and to the more hot-headed Republicans looks scandalous. They have, therefore, been for some time pressing for a thorough purging of the bench, and the relegation of its Conservative members to "disponibilité." This would, however, do so much to alarm the quiet people in the provinces, by the support it would give to the Conservative theory that the Republic is only the first stage on the road to the guillotine and anarchy, that M. Dufaure, who is an old and shrewd politician as well as able lawyer, has been strenuously resisting it, and pursuing the policy of making the required changes slowly and carefully. It is now reported from Paris, however, that the Left is disposed to overrule him, and that he will be compelled to resign, and will be followed by M. Waddington, who lost some credit by the Treaty of Berlin, and does not take an active enough part in home politics to please the managers. There is some prospect of trouble between the Assembly and the Senate, the latter having added to the appropriations \$40,000 for aged priests, which the Assembly had struck out.

The situation is aggravated, if not created, by the anomalous management of the Republican party. If M. Dufaure were, as he ought to be and as the Constitution assumes that he is, the leader of the party, all would be plain sailing, for he would be able to impose his judgment on his followers, and they would have to submit to it on pain of total disorganization and loss of power. But the real leader is M. Gambetta, who holds no office at all and to whom the rank and file look for guidance, and who—and this is the worst of it—dares not take office as yet, even if the President were willing to accept of him, because the country is not yet prepared for him. The consequence is that the Cabinet act in some sort as Gambetta's deputies, and are forced to obey him and dare not appeal to the country against him; and he, in spite of the remarkable moderation he has shown since the war, is not a patient or altogether prudent man, as his quarrel with M. Fourtou shows. His feelings toward the authors of the late reactionary attempts, and towards their judicial abettors too, are naturally bitter. Dufaure's resignation would certainly rouse the hopes of the Monarchists once more.

MR. BLAINE'S GRIEVANCE.

MR. BLAINE'S speech on Wednesday week in the Senate had at least the merit of bringing out the true nature of the Southern difficulty as it lies in the mind of that section of the Republican party known as "Stalwarts." He was not able to say how much cheating or intimidating there had been at the South, or whether the repetition of it was preventable, or if it was, by what means. The resolutions he moved called for enquiry on these subjects, showing that he had no facts, or not sufficient facts, at his command to warrant any definite proposal or suggestion. He therefore addressed himself to a matter on which there could be no difference of opinion, namely, the circumstance that the Republican party derives little or no support at the polls from the votes of the Southern negroes, or, as he puts it, that although the South has received an accession of thirty-five representatives in Congress, owing to the addition of the enfranchised negroes to the basis of representation, no benefit has accrued to the Republican party; the Democrats and the Democrats only are the stronger for the change. In the presence of this fact, which to him, as to all Republican politicians, is, of course, most exasperating, no improvement in the material or moral condition of the blacks at the South apparently has much value. Arguing from the premise that every negro is a Republican, and considers the opportunity of voting the Republican ticket the dearest of earthly blessings, he concludes that the non-appearance of Republican members of Congress from the South indicates a vast body of silent mental suffering among the black population for which no security of person or property can compensate. He assumes, too, that it was in some manner understood in the compact by which the Southern States were restored to their places in the Union that the negroes should always vote the Republican ticket, and that their failure to do so is evidence of a breach of faith on the part of the whites toward their Northern brethren which calls for constant protest and censure. It is this view which has for some years really prompted and supported the denunciations of the South in which a portion of the Republican party has indulged, but it was covered up by that profession of anxiety about the negro's personal safety which is known as "waving the bloody shirt." Since Mr. Hayes's election the outrages which furnished the materials for the "bloody-shirt" agitation, and which the carpet-baggers in part furnished by failing to execute the laws, have ceased; and the signs of the rapid social advancement of the colored population can no longer be denied. Mr. Blaine has thus been forced to take the bull by the horns, and confess that in his opinion, and that of his followers, the chief object of the Constitutional Amendments and the Reconstruction Acts was not so much the elevation of the black race as the maintenance of the Republican party in power.

Now, the truth is that the original object of the bestowal of the suffrage on the blacks as a condition of reconstruction was the protection of their persons and property against local aggression. This feature of reconstruction was devised as the best practical mode of meeting schemes like the Black Code and Labor Acts of South Carolina and Mississippi, by which the negro would have been reduced to a condition of serfdom, and by which the North was justly alarmed at the close of the war. It was intended, in other words, to give the freedmen an opportunity to make their first step in civilization, by securing to them, in default of a Federal police, the equal protection of the local laws. As such it was strenuously supported in these columns. The notion that it was also intended to secure a perpetual negro vote for the Republican party, and to keep the two races arrayed in hostile political camps for an indefinite period, was a later invention of a lower type of politicians than those who brought about emancipation. The aim of the authors of the suffrage plan was a very noble and legitimate one; and, dangerous as it seemed at the time, it has more than fulfilled their expectations. It has given the negroes what they hoped it would give them, peace and security, freedom of locomotion and of contract, education for their children, and the chance of acquiring property by industry. No one can deny this. The condi-

tion of the South to-day is, to any one who can recall the anticipations of 1866, a wonderful spectacle, a prodigious conquest of civilization over barbarism. Had an educational test been attached to the franchise—something for which we also contended at the time—the experiment would have been saved some serious derangements, such as the descent of the carpet-baggers on the ignorant voters, and the resulting sullen resistance of the whites, known as the "Ku-klux" operations. But even this has done no permanent damage, and the great venture has succeeded in a way over which all honest and patriotic men must rejoice and give thanks.

In proof and illustration of this view of the object of the Reconstruction Act, and of the anticipations of the sober portion of the Republican party as to the probable political results of the acquisition of the franchise by the negroes, we may be allowed to quote from the leading article in the *Nation* of November 29, 1866:

"While acknowledging, however, that the bestowal of the franchise on the blacks, ignorant or degraded though many of them may be, would provide them with that security which is the basis of all progress and civilization, we think the notion that it would of itself do much more than this—that it would protect our Government or our credit against assaults in the forum at the hands of those whom we have defeated on the field—is a delusion; and we are satisfied that, if acted on in settling the question of reconstruction, our children's children will find abundant reason to mourn over it. Long advocacy of the claims of the negro to the common rights of humanity, and long resistance to the base attempts which have been made for centuries, and are still made, to place him not only lowest in the scale of humanity, but even below it altogether, have not unnaturally begotten in the minds of many of his friends a tendency to rate him even higher than the average of other races, to treat him as an exception to the rules by which other races are governed, and to affirm his ability to resist influences under which white men have succumbed. We see this now in some of the arguments put forward in defence of negro suffrage. The franchise is constantly spoken of as if, in the hands of the negro, it would possess an occult power of some kind, like a talisman, that would enable the most ignorant and benighted black to do with it what no ignorant or benighted white has ever succeeded in doing. It is treated, in short, to use a well-known simile, as if, in the hands of the blacks, it would be a crossbow from which the weakest can send a bolt as far as the strongest, while it is acknowledged in the same breath that in the hands of a man of any other race it is an ordinary bow, from which the flight of the arrow is regulated by the strength of the arm that has pulled the string.

"Now, we maintain that the ballot will do for the negro what it does for the poor, ignorant Irishman, or German, or Englishman, but no more. It will secure him against flagrant class legislation, or cruel or unusual punishments, and against all oppression which is on its face oppressive. It will do more than this; it will cause politicians and public men—sheriffs, policemen, and the whole race of functionaries, actual and expectant—to treat him with civility, even with deference. It will put a stop to outrages and assaults of various kinds on negroes, and to all open expressions of contempt for them or dislike of them. They would have it in their power to inflict so much injury on their open enemies, in one way or another, that it would become the habit even of good society to be careful about reviling them. And it would have the effect of raising them in their own estimation, of giving them a sense of their manhood, of their importance as members of civilized society; and although we admit that they would not for some time possess this sense in a very high degree, they would acquire it, and in acquiring it make an immense step in advance along the path of civilization.

"But more than this the ballot will not do for the negro. It will not make him a good judge of the value or importance of measures not bearing directly and patently on his personal comfort or convenience; it will not enable him to tell the difference between statesmen and demagogues, between honest public men and knavish public men, between his own real friends and his real enemies; to distinguish laws contrived by scoundrels for his spoliation, under a show of immediate benefit, and schemes contrived by statesmen for his permanent advantage, though entailing temporary inconvenience; and it will give him no sense whatever of the importance of the public credit or of the sacredness of national pledges. This sense is one of the last results of political and moral training. Moreover, to maintain that the ballot alone would do all these things for him, would be not simply to fly in the face of all history, of all our own experience of human nature, but of the very doctrine which has been preached from the earliest period down to the year 1864 as the very foundation of our political system—the doctrine that democratic institutions must rest on education. The doctrine of the all-sufficiency of the ballot was invented last year, and until we hear something better in its defence than mere declamation, we must regard 'universal suffrage and universal amnesty' as a mere quack remedy, most of the virtue of which, like some of the popular 'bitters' and pills, lies in the sound of the name. 'Universal suffrage' has been tried at the North, we think, with eminent success; but it has nowhere produced the effects which some people expect it to produce at the South unless when coupled with education. The interest of the poor whites of the slave States has always been opposed to that of the great planters, and there was not a very cordial feeling between them either, and yet that did not prevent the slaveholders from dragging the poor whites to the polls, year after year, to vote for their

own degradation, and from finally dragging them into a bloody war for the maintenance of an institution in which they had no sort of interest. We all acknowledged, until very recently, that in this instance, at least, the ballot of itself did not preserve men even of our own race—the only race, be it remembered, which has long succeeded in maintaining popular institutions—from being made the instrument of their own oppression.”

“In short, we might go over the whole Union, county by county, and show that the ballot in the hands of an untaught population furnishes no protection whatever even against the worst enemies of the electors, those who make a trade of cheating them with flattery and falsehood. It secures voters against personal outrage, but it does not always secure them even the means of learning—schools were almost forced upon the ignorant counties of Pennsylvania—and it does not secure them against the wiles of demagogues.

“Now, if we absolve the Southern leaders from all their sins, and arm the blacks with the ballot, the first result will be that the persecution of the freedmen will instantly cease. So far, so good. But at the same time the Southern politicians will go to work diligently to cultivate the good-will of the negroes—to practise on their prejudices, on their ignorance, on their weaknesses of all kinds. At this game they will certainly beat all competitors. They will be on the spot, at every tavern, at every cross-road, on every plantation, bringing to bear on a population bound to them by various sorts of ties all the arts of the most adroit and accomplished canvassers. They have the leisure, the training, and the experience necessary for the work, and will do it thoroughly. Our orators will not go down to contend with them. Probably their lives would not be safe if they did. By way of counteracting their schemes and keeping alive the fidelity of the freedmen to the Union and to liberty we shall deliver lectures at lyceums in New England and the Northwest, stirring harangues at the Cooper Institute, New York, and publish ardent editorials in the *Tribune* and *Independent*, which half a million of Northern whites will read, but never a Southern black. Does any calm and candid observer suppose that after five years of this sort of régime we should not have completely lost the new constituency we are now calling into existence, that the negroes would not be driven into the Southern net just as completely as the ignorant whites of the South and the ignorant Irish of the North have been?”

There remains only one thing more to be said, but it addresses itself to those Southerners who are now so much impressed with the danger and disgrace of the rule of ignorant majorities that they are ready to wink even at crime as a means of escape from it. We can say it with the better grace because we were, we believe, the first Northern journal to call attention to the nature of the yoke imposed on them at the close of the war, and have never failed, during the last ten eventful years, to protest against the policy of using their social system as a *corpus vile* for the trial of experiments which no community at the North would tolerate for an hour. If Southerners are afraid of ignorant majorities, as they say they are, and as in their condition in some States they have reason to be, nothing can be more short-sighted or inconsistent than trying to restrict the suffrage by such weapons of barbarism as fraud and violence. If the intelligent and property-owning class in that region has the power to protect itself in this way it has the power also to protect itself in a more excellent way, and at the same time help to hold up the hands of the friends of pure government all over the country, by imposing tests which the dangerous class could not meet, and the operation of which would every year diminish its numbers. We mean the exaction either of a tax-paying or an educational qualification. The Constitutional Amendments do not prohibit this, and in the Southern States there is now an opportunity of resorting to it which does not exist in any other part of the country, and it would be no more likely to entail a restriction of representation there than it is in Massachusetts. This mode of keeping society on its base would have the sympathy, secret or open, of a large body of persons at the North, who already share the Southern dread of the working of a civilized government by the agents or leaders of an ignorant majority, and it would operate as a stimulus of the most powerful kind in bringing the negroes into the arena of real politics—that is, in destroying the brute vote, a vote which is cast, canine fashion, under the influence of mere fear or hate, or for an immediate reward. Such scenes as occurred at the municipal election in Augusta, Georgia, the other day, when negro voters were bought up at the polls “at prices varying from a glass of whiskey to fifty cents,” nobody in any part of the country is interested in perpetuating; but, on the other hand, every man who cares for the country or the Government is interested in seeing that the escape from such evils is effected by thoughtful

legislation, and not by opposing corruption to corruption, and ruffianism to ruffianism.

EUROPE'S REBUFF TO THE SILVER PARTY.

THE silver legislation of last winter is reaping its fruits as rapidly as the most ardent opponent of the double standard could desire. Only a few millions of the new silver dollars have been coined, and they are already discredited and find their way back to the Treasury as fast as they are issued. The measures adopted by the banks of the city of New York to prevent an accumulation of them in their vaults have already been discussed in these columns. Precisely what has happened was predicted before the Silver Bill passed. It was an attempt, by the independent action of the United States, to force a result which, if attainable at all, could only be reached by the concurrent action of many leading commercial states. The *Nation* has steadily avowed its want of faith in the possibility of establishing a bi-metallic system which should be capable of holding silver and gold in a permanent relation to each other. Whether right or wrong in this assumption, the truth is being rapidly established that no one nation can do it, and that the United States, in its arrogant attempt to set itself up as an independent monetary power, and to ignore the influence of foreign countries and of their monetary systems upon its own, is certain to be the victim of its own folly.

The best friends of the bi-metallic system protested, from first to last, against committing this country to the remonetization of silver until terms had been made with European nations by which they should bind themselves to a common monetary policy. The United States occupied the vantage ground. It had not resumed specie payments, but it had pledged itself to do so, and had the resources at command which rendered resumption possible. When the Italian Chambers, in 1874, instructed Signor Minghetti to bring in a bill for the resumption of specie payments, that sagacious minister replied that it needed something more than legislation to bring a nation which could not balance its budget back from irredeemable paper money to a currency based on the precious metals. In like manner, Max Wirth, the economist and journalist of Vienna, in an article on the finances of Austria, in 1876, spoke of the enviable position of the United States—a country which, in contrast with Austria and Italy, had a surplus revenue by means of which it might, whenever it pleased, bridge the gulf between legal-tender paper and gold.

Standing on this commanding ground, the United States had its choice of monetary systems. A favorable balance of trade gave it the power to draw capital from Europe, and made it certain that within a short period the stock of its Federal obligations held there would be exhausted, and it might thereafter draw gold, which was then its standard money. It was well understood that England deprecated and feared any new demand for gold. The *Economist*, in January, 1875, in reviewing the subject of gold supply, had stated that “the supply has been obviously stinted everywhere, and there can be no stock in any quarter to draw upon.” Estimating the available annual increase at only £15,000,000, it showed that England, France, and other countries which England coins for, required annually £18,000,000. “How is the amount to be supplied, even without an extra demand for Germany, and without any resumption of specie payment in the United States? At some point or other, we venture to say, the pressure in the money market must again become severe, or one of the great gold-using countries must abandon its standard, or the supply from the mines must be increased; and the chances, we fear, are altogether against the concurrence of either of the two latter alternatives.” What Mr. Bagehot, in short, predicted was, that if the United States resumed on a gold basis either a new and prolonged crisis would occur, with the shrinkage of prices and aggravation of debts which a gold famine would necessarily cause, or the abandonment of its standard by one of the great gold-using countries. There are but two such countries in Europe—England and Germany—and the *Economist* justly feared that neither of these would willingly abandon its standard.

In a very recent number, in speaking of the gold discoveries in India, the *Economist* said:

"There is, no doubt, at present a gold scarcity. The world's gold produce has not been increasing of late, while the demand for gold has become much greater in consequence of currency changes. Any fresh discovery of gold in quantities sufficient to influence the relations between the supply and demand must, therefore, have an important and, on the whole, beneficial influence on the money markets of the world."

Knowing these facts, the United States was in a position to dictate a policy to Europe. Opinions will widely differ as to what that policy should have been. Those who believe that a gold standard should be maintained at all hazards will say the United States should not have legislated at all, but have rested on the Coinage Act of 1873; those, on the other hand, who only desire that the United States shall use the common money of civilized nations, but are indifferent whether that money be composed of one metal of unlimited tender, or of two, would have been content with any international agreement which embraced the principal commercial countries. If a conference had been invited before the Silver Bill passed, the United States might have said: "We are now prepared to resume specie payments; we have the gold standard, but very few coins; if we resume on that standard we shall demand and take our share of the gold of the world; you have expressed fears that there is not gold enough to supply our wants in addition to those of Germany; it may prove to be so; if, therefore, you desire to make a greater use of silver in order to relieve the scarcity of gold, we are ready to listen to any suggestions looking to a common agreement in that direction." The American Commissioners might have said this and no more, leaving France and the Latin Union to advocate their bi-metallic system; leaving Italy and Austria to point out the added difficulties which those countries would have to encounter in returning to metallic money on a gold standard; leaving Holland to reiterate the often-expressed conviction of her legislature and of her great bankers, that silver ought not to be demonetized; or they might have openly and safely avowed a preference for the bi-metallic system. As the largest producer of silver, they had a distinct and legitimate interest in so doing.

This priceless opportunity has been thrown away, and Europe is making the best use it can of the American mistake. The International Conference has been held, and the American Commissioners have just rendered to Congress a report of their fruitless embassy. Prof. Walker and Mr. Dana Horton presented, no doubt with characteristic learning and ability, the arguments in favor of bi-metallic money. They were listened to politely, but they made no impression; they appeared as advocates at the bar, and not as members of a deliberative assembly. The United States had finished its deliberations and recorded its decision. When the time came for the invited nations to deliberate, they did not ask the American Commissioners to join them. They retired alone and agreed upon their answer. M. Cernuschi is indignant at this seeming discourtesy. "Strange procedure!" he says. "From 1865 to 1876 five monetary conferences have been held at Paris; one international in 1867, four special ones for the Latin Union in 1865, 1874, 1875, and 1876. In all these conferences the states represented have always voted all together, and the authors of the propositions submitted to vote were never deprived of the right of voting on them." But was it, after all, a discourtesy? In the other cases mentioned the countries represented had not decided first and invited a conference afterwards. The precipitate action of the United States was met just as might have been expected, and as had been predicted by those who desired an antecedent conference. This country had restored silver (we may fairly say, had adopted the silver standard), and had thus relieved the European situation. England was relieved, for there would now be *some* market for Indian rupees. France and the Latin Union were relieved, for the United States had opened its mints to German thalers. There was, therefore, no occasion on their part to do anything immediately; a new sluice-way had been opened to drain off the silver inundation; Europe could afford to wait.

The last scene of this drama, on the European stage, is the late Conference of the Latin Union, which terminated at Paris on the 5th of November. M. Léon Say has laid before the Chamber of Deputies a bill to ratify the new treaty, but the particulars of his allocation have not yet reached us. Meanwhile the *Journal des Débats* has published a long article on the treaty from the pen of Baron de Reinach, the next friend and confidential adviser of the Finance Minister. We learn from this that the treaty is renewed on new conditions till January 1, 1886, and "that the coinage of silver five-franc pieces is provisionally suspended, and cannot be resumed except by the unanimous agreement of the contracting states. A declaration has also been made applying the same clause to the year 1879" (during which the old treaty is still in force). M. de Reinach is a prominent bi-metallist, and has often advocated that cause in the *Journal des Débats*. He says that "France (also) is bi-metallist; but, before pronouncing on the expediency of continuing the coinage of silver five-franc pieces, which is, however, reserved in the treaty, she desires to know the results of the monetary legislation lately adopted in America." Thus we are made to understand that the United States, the only country which a year ago was absolutely untrammelled, has taken upon itself the burden of solving the difficult problem of the future of silver.

M. Cernuschi, in his new collection of articles from the *Siccle*, entitled "La Diplomatie monétaire," accuses France of having needlessly truckled to England in the International Conference, and, though writing before the meeting of the Latin Union, or at least before its results were known, he seems to have anticipated them correctly. But though France has been cowardly, England (always the "perfidious Albion") has been crafty, and upon her vengeance is to be pronounced: *Delenda Carthago!* And it is from the United States that the vengeance is to come:

"The United States have a great revenge to take of England. It is England which has made the Conference a failure. Let the United States coin no more silver; let them repeal the Bland Bill. England will be in consternation at it. The United States will not hesitate, they will do what the Latin Union after four years of sad experience has done; like it they will suspend all purchases of silver, and, until a new departure, will not coin a single piece of that metal. *In hoc signo vinces.* . . . From the moment that the United States ceases to spend the millions which it is now spending every month in the purchase of silver, the price of that metal will experience such a terrible crisis, the rupee will become so much depreciated, that England, weary of the warfare, and to save the value of her silver, will sue for a negotiation on the basis of international bi-metallism. . . . On the day when no single particle of silver shall be longer coined, either in Europe or the United States, mono-metallism will sink to the ground in impotence, and in the cradle of its birth, on the banks of the Thames, will breathe its last sigh."

BUTTER AND MILK.

WHATEVER we may think of our ancient ruler, King Cotton, there is no question as to the allegiance we owe to Queen Cow. Every one of our agricultural products, with the single exception of Indian corn, is surpassed in value by our dairy yield. The value of the cows, and of the land especially devoted to their support, is reckoned at \$1,300,000,000. The annual production of cheese is estimated at 350,000,000 pounds, and that of butter at 1,500,000,000 pounds. Their combined value—estimated at \$350,000,000—is only one-fifth less than that of the corn crop. The production has increased thirty-three per cent. within the past year, and since the introduction of the American factory system in the manufacture of them, they have become important objects of export, the foreign sale amounting during the last season to \$13,000,000 for butter and \$14,000,000 for cheese. The exportations this year have paid more than \$1,000,000 freight, or enough to support a weekly line of steamers to Europe. They have paid \$5,000,000 freight to the railroads of the country, and milk pays nearly as much more.

Dairying is a quiet industry, which is so dispersed among the great majority of farms in all parts of the country that we fail to realize its aggregate importance. As a money-producing industry it is, under the combined influence of the factory system for cheese-making and of the introduction of improved methods of butter-making, rapidly extending in every direction. One of the very best butter-making regions of the

country, both in quantity and in quality of product, is Northern Illinois and the adjoining parts of the States to the north and west of it. A few years ago it was believed that good butter could not be made in the Southern States. There are now important butter districts in all parts of the South, and there are indications that the Northern cities will soon be supplied with fresh grass-butter throughout the whole winter from Mississippi, Tennessee, and other regions, where, before the war, the profitable growth of grass was regarded as an impossibility. No single influence has had more to do with the increased attention given to butter-making in these new districts than the introduction and wide distribution of the cattle of the Island of Jersey. These were formerly the "Alderneys" of the lawns and paddocks of the rich; they are now the practical butter-producing animals of the best dairy-farms throughout the country. The favor with which they are regarded from an industrial point of view is based upon the physiological fact that, having been bred for centuries by the small farmers of Jersey, with whom the sale of butter has always been an important object, their butter-secretion has been, by artificial selection, more completely developed than has that of any other breed. Not only is the quantity of butter greater in proportion to the amount of food consumed, but the butter-globules of the milk are larger and richer, developing more readily in the churn and working into a firmer product. This excellence has been recognized for half a century among those who sought to produce butter of finer quality for "fancy" use. It is now fast becoming known to those with whom butter-making is a business industry, and the extension of the knowledge promises to make the production of butter for export a much greater source of national wealth than it has hitherto been.

The large dealers in dairy products and the manufacturers of dairy apparatus have recently combined for the holding of a fair in New York City. As an exhibition of popular interest—measured by the beggarly two thousand a day who visited it—this fair was only a modified success. Huge stacks of cheeses, of all sizes and kinds, and pyramids of tubs of butter, hardly excite great popular enthusiasm; neither is a display of pans and cans, churns and cheese-vats, the sort of array for which the pleasure-seekers of a large city are wont to spend their money and their time. What the show lacked in popular interest was, however, fully made up for in the instruction it afforded to those really interested in the subject, many of whom came from distant States to study its details. Those who came with the expectation of finding even a creditable show of dairy-cattle were disappointed. There has rarely been gathered even at a county fair a more meagre and unsatisfactory lot of cows. To one who has watched the recent progress of dairy processes, the collection of implements and appliances was the most interesting that we have had. The American system of co-operative factories has already given us a prominent and favored place in the great cheese-markets of the world. So much has been published during recent years concerning the methods of these factories that those who have cared for such matters have been fully informed concerning them. But there has taken place, within less than ten years, such a complete revolution in the processes of butter-making that few, even among ordinary farmers, have any conception of the present best state of the art. Until very recently it was the universal custom to set milk for the raising of cream in shallow pans of tin or earthenware, in a cool room in summer and in a warm room in winter. In many limestone regions, where springs were abundant and constant, the pans were in summer-time set in troughs of cool water. The theory prevailed that exposure to the air and to ample ventilation was necessary for the removal of "animal odor." The early but not too rapid removal of the "animal heat" was equally insisted upon. It was believed that cream rose most readily and completely at a temperature of about 60°, and that its entire separation required a period of about thirty-six hours—a period during which the milk invariably became sour, and in warm weather curdled. Churning was very much a matter of the most fickle luck, occupying a long or a short time according to temperature, to the degree of acidity, and to conditions which always remained inscrutable. The quality of the product was far from being assured. In winter the butter might be lumpy, or in summer oily, and it was always a matter of congratulation—by no means a matter of course—that the churning turned out well. With the more intelligent and painstaking dairy-men the chances and drawbacks were very much reduced, but every one failed at times, and quality always depended largely upon the individual skill of the dairy-maid. The scalding, airing, and sunning of the pans, to remove the taint of the sour and curdled milk they had contained, added much to the labor and annoyance of the business.

The extent to which these conditions have been set aside is quite

remarkable, considering its rapidity and the conservative class among whom it has taken place. About a dozen years ago a Swedish dairyman, named Schwartz, tried the experiment of setting his milk in cans twenty inches deep and twelve inches in diameter, covering them with ventilated lids, and floating them in ice-water. The reports of his success attracted much attention. A little later at Ogden Farm, and in several creameries, experiments were made with a modification of the system, spring-water at a temperature of about 50° being used instead of ice-water at 35° to 37°. Experiments were tried elsewhere, often with unfavorable results owing to unfavorable conditions, and the discussion waxed hot between the champions and the opponents of the new process. Little by little the opposition gave way, and by 1875 the deep-can system had gained the approval of the leading dairy-men of the country. A Western inventor devised a refrigerator to be used without water, the cans standing in the drip of ice contained in an upper chamber. This was in some respects an advance. Two years later the spring-water system and the refrigerator system were met, and have since been overcome, by a further improvement which seems to combine every requirement of the simplest and most uniform work. This is the Cooley system introduced by the Vermont Farm Machine Co., who exhibited it in complete working at the Fair. Considering its cheapness and its adaptability to the largest and the smallest dairies, it seems to us to have been the most important object shown there—at least among those which have stood the test of sufficient trial.

The Cooley system disregards nearly everything that was deemed inseparable to success in the former method of setting milk in shallow pans. A closed box, like a refrigerator, of a size to accommodate sufficient cans to hold the whole product of the morning or evening milking, is packed full with cans twenty inches deep and eight inches in diameter. Into these the milk is strained the moment it is brought from the stable. Each can is covered with a small inverted pan, like a milk-pan, and these are held firmly in place by slats wedged above them. The box is then filled with cold water so as to cover pan and all, the pans keeping the water out of the milk on the principle of the diving-bell. If a sufficiently cold spring is available (temperature less than 50°) a constant stream enters the box and passes out through an overflow. In the absence of such a spring, ice is used to keep the water down to from 40° to 50°. It is found that all of the cream rises within twelve hours, so that it may be taken off and the cans emptied in time to receive the product of the next milking. No account is made of "animal odor," but atmospheric odors are absolutely excluded by the complete immersion in water. Owing to the low temperature at which it has been kept, the skimmed milk is perfectly sweet and useful for cheese-making and other purposes. By an ingenious device the skimmed milk is drawn off below the cream and the cream is poured from the cans. Owing to the low temperature also, which prevents incipient decomposition, the cans are kept so sweet that it is not found necessary to scald them oftener than once a week. The whole care of the milk and the utensils is safely entrusted to common farm-hands. The old-fashioned milk-room is no longer necessary. The Cooley box, occupying but little room, may stand in a passageway, in a cellar, or under a shed. The exhibitors showed one of their cans filled to a depth of seventeen inches with milk from a herd of Jerseys which had, in twelve hours, thrown up six and a quarter inches of cream.

The modern churning of the cream is as different from the old method with which we are all familiar as Cooley's box is from the old milk-room. Dashers, cleats, and beaters are done away with. The cream is put into an oblong box, which is arranged to vibrate longitudinally, the cream being dashed first against one end and then against the other. There were several forms of churn working on this principle shown at the Fair, the oldest of them, Bullard's, being as good as any. There is no material difference in the time required for the butter to "come" in these churns and in the old ones; but these have the marked advantage that the swash of the cream keeps the walls of the churn always washed down so that the entire contents are subjected to a uniform agitation. With the dasher and beater churns, when the cream begins to thicken, much of it adheres to the walls like a paste, and causes a considerable amount of half-churned cream to become mixed with the butter. By the new process this is obviated, to the great advantage of the product.

In butter-workers there was nothing strikingly new, but the invention of Cooley's creameries and the Bullard churn probably marks a more important advance in an enormous and universally diffused industry than has ever been seen before within a single decade. The mower and reaper were longer in coming into general use and had much more influence in modifying our general system of agriculture; but the Jersey cow and

these two utensils have an aggregate importance hardly inferior to that of those implements.

We made the reservation, above, that Cooley's exhibit was the most important that had stood the test of trial. The reservation was made in favor of Durand's cow-milking machine. The only serious limitation to which a dairy-man is subjected, supposing him to have ample land and money, lies in the difficulty of securing a sufficient number of good milkers and of finding profitable employment for them throughout the day. This limitation being removed, the number of cows may be greatly increased with decided benefit to the land, and with direct profit to the farmer. A machine which would milk the cow dry; which would communicate to her bag the movement incident to hand-milking or sucking; which could be adjusted to teats of different size; and which could milk a three-teated cow, or, in an emergency, a single teat, has long been sought. Numerous promising inventions have proved failures, and many a good herd has been ruined in the experiment. The English agricultural papers are just now considering the difficulties of the case, and are clamoring for a machine which will meet all the requirements. We do not venture to say that Durand has solved the problem, but he certainly seems to have overcome all the difficulties found in the earlier inventions.

It has been our purpose to indicate the more strikingly important features of this exhibition, and we have omitted much detail of which the agricultural press will take due account. Its impression upon the city spectators must have been rather curious than instructive, and in nowise particularly engaging. It will have served a sufficient purpose if a hundred prominent dairy-men from different parts of the country carry home to their own communities a proper appreciation of the great and important progress which it has illustrated. Having the interests of English agriculture very much at heart, we especially regret that those who attended the trial of butter-making implements at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Bristol in July and regarded it as the measure of modern success in this industry, could not have been here to see the marked superiority of these simpler and more efficient devices.

DE BROGLIE'S 'SECRET DU ROI.'

PARIS, November 29, 1878.

IT would be difficult to relate in an abridged form the diplomatic difficulties of the Comte de Broglie in Poland. He was placed in the strangest position: he had secret instructions from the Prince de Conti, from Louis XV.; he had official instructions from the Foreign Office; he had formed on the spot his own ideas, which did not quite agree with any of these. I have said that he had formed the plan of uniting Saxony and Poland in a great kingdom. He was thus not only serving the interests of the Prince de Conti and of the House of Saxony (the French Dauphiness was a Saxon princess), he was thinking of the interests of Europe, and wished to oppose a barrier to the ambition of Russia and of Frederic. But Frederic was always on the alert; he took the offensive. He has said in his Memoirs that an alliance was forming against him between the two empresses of Austria and of Russia; that Saxony had adhered to it. He was obliged, he says, to strike a great blow. This theory is still admitted in Germany; but the diplomatic documents show that there was nothing but uncertainty at St. Petersburg, at Dresden, at Versailles. Vienna alone was awake; at Vienna there was a determined woman, Maria Theresa; the conspiracy against Frederic was in her brain alone.

At any rate, historically speaking, Frederic did well to defeat the plans of Vienna, and to break the circle before it was quite solid. He invaded Saxony, and, at the head of his army, asked permission to enter Bohemia. In vain did the poor king protest; Frederic asked that the Saxon army should be incorporated in his own. The king fled with his family and took refuge at Pirna, in the midst of his army. Broglie gave him this advice; he had marked the position of Pirna as the strongest that could be found. This was not enough; he wrote to his court that the time had now come to change the Electorate of Saxony into a kingdom. Augustus III. was old, but he would still have time to form a sort of union between Poland, where he was king, and an increased kingdom of Saxony. Maria Theresa was bound to help Augustus and put her armies in motion. Broglie was expecting orders from his court with a feverish impatience, but Louis XV. was slow to take a decision; Conti was not very impatient to leave the Temple. Broglie offered his resignation; he resolved to make an *éclat*, and asked permission to carry a letter of Louis XV. to Augustus in his camp. He was arrested and not allowed to proceed on his journey. All went wrong for the Saxons; Augustus left his position of Pirna

and his army had to sign a capitulation. While Augustus was shut up at Königstein his soldiers received Prussian uniforms, and his officers went home. The Comte de Broglie returned to France. He was received with enthusiasm; he had defended against Frederic the mother of the Dauphiness; he alone had shown some spirit, and he was looked upon as the man who could speak boldly to Frederic. He was anxious to be sent to Vienna, feeling that at Vienna only could he do any good; but he was not quite in favor with Madame de Pompadour and with the Abbé de Bernis; he was too proud, too self-sufficient; he was not made to be the favorite of a favorite. He was sent back to Warsaw.

Bohemia, meanwhile, had been invaded, Prague was besieged, and the Comte de Broglie found Vienna in great alarm. Maria Theresa alone was calm; she consulted Broglie on the means of delivering Prague (he was son of the Broglie who had taken this town by surprise, and who had been besieged in it). She even offered him a chance to join old Daun, who was sent against Frederic. The battle of Kolin, one of the bloodiest of the time, obliged Frederic to retire:

"Fortune," wrote Frederic to Field-Marshal Keith, "is a woman, and I am not lovable. She has declared herself for the ladies who are carrying on the war against me. . . . But what do you think of this alliance against the Margrave of Brandenburg? How surprised would not Fritz-Wilhelm be if he saw his great-grandson fighting with the Russians, the Austrians, nearly the whole of Germany, and 100,000 Frenchmen! I don't know whether defeat will be a great humiliation for me, but I know that there will not be much glory for those who defeat me."

The old Margrave of Brandenburg would be, perhaps, even more surprised now if he saw one of his descendants ruling in Metz and Strasbourg and wearing the crown of Charlemagne!

Broglie was received with open arms in Warsaw; if he had been his own master he would have saved Poland, and he would have sent the feeble Augustus as king to Saxony, put a French prince on the throne of Poland, and placed both Saxony and Poland under the patronage of France. He stood resolutely against the Russian occupation, which looked very much like a Russian conquest, but he was not supported much at home. The Treaty of Versailles had completely changed the state of Europe and altered the basis of the Treaty of Westphalia. The equilibrium of the world was unsettled, but the men who were undoing the work of Richelieu and of Mazarin were men like Bernis, who were always afraid of falling from power, and who had not the eagle-eye of genius. Bernis was intelligent, and his correspondence, which has recently been published, shows that he was worth more than his reputation; but he was not the man to compete with Frederic the Great. The history of the campaign of 1757 is well known; Frederic faced all his enemies; the French army lost all the benefit of the victory of Halberstadt by the capitulation of Closterseven, accepted by the frivolous general who bore the great name of Richelieu; the French army was divided, and this division allowed Frederic to win the battle of Rossbach. How could Broglie meet the Russians at Warsaw after such disasters? He felt that all hope of avoiding the partition was already lost; he knew that France was resigned, and would see Poland sacrificed without saying a word. The ardent Count scolded Bernis in all his despatches, and Bernis only tried to soothe him. Broglie wrote despairing letters to the King himself; but the King had the Olympian indifference of a despot and the heartless resignation of a debauchee. The Comte de Broglie, feeling that all his efforts were vain, asked leave to return to France. He had spent nearly seven years in Poland. He had well understood that the marches and countermarches of the Russian armies in Poland were but the preface of a conquest. He was not an enemy of Russia. He knew that Russia was less anxious for the partition of Poland than Prussia, and even than Austria; but he saw that she would prefer a share in the spoils to a war with her neighbors. He came back to France convinced that nothing could avert the danger, and he said in his heart, "Finis Poloniae."

The secret diplomacy of Louis XV. had lost its object; still, it was maintained. It seems as if the King wanted his secret correspondence as a mere amusement. Broglie was not well received by the Cardinal de Bernis nor by Madame de Pompadour. He was too ambitious, too intractable. The King was more lenient, and kept up a sort of secret friendship with him. But Broglie had the mortification of seeing Bernis replaced by the Duc de Choiseul, and Choiseul absolutely abandoned Poland. He suspected the secret relations of the King with Broglie and with Tercier, who was then the first clerk (*premier commis*) of the Foreign Office, the man who was the real minister, and who had in his hands all the complicated threads of our diplomacy; an honest and hard-working patriot, as were all the first clerks of our Foreign Office—men who lived out of sight and

who courted obscurity as others court fame, in order to be all the more useful.

You will find in the 'Secret du Roi' a good delineation of the character of the Duc de Choiseul. Both he and the Comte de Broglie were intimate friends of the Prince de Conti; of Madame de Boufflers, called the "idol of the Temple," and the Maréchaux de Beauvau, de Mirepoix, de Luxembourg, so often mentioned in the letters of Walpole and in the letters of Madame du Deffand. Their two wives were both granddaughters of the famous financier Crozat, who first colonized Louisiana, and who had acquired an immense fortune. But Choiseul was as indolent as Broglie was ardent. He was a patriot; but if his plans were not adopted he consoled himself with the greatest facility. He was gay, he liked to shine; he was always under somebody's influence; he did not like to go counter to anybody; he was fond of popularity.

"Without any tenacity of purpose or true firmness in his character, he succeeded, by the mere effect of his graceful manner, in remaining in power for twelve years, under a versatile king and in a court agitated by all sorts of intrigues. Notwithstanding a disastrous war and a humiliating peace, he made himself liked by the populace, and was celebrated in public opinion at a time when contempt of authority was at once a system and a fashion, the pretension of philosophers and the amusement of the world. In fact, without having left anything behind him, he has seduced even posterity."

The secret of this success is to be found in the relations of Choiseul with the philosophers. Choiseul was a courtier of Voltaire, as well as of Madame de Pompadour, and, remarks rather pointedly the Duc de Broglie, "Philosophy was not less sensible to flattery than the *courtisane* with whom we know that she always lived on good terms." If Madame de Pompadour could not make a great general of Soubise, Philosophy succeeded in making of Choiseul a great minister. Choiseul did absolutely nothing to save Poland. On the contrary, it can be said that he led the victim to the altar and adorned it with his own hands for the sacrifice. If we remember how many times Poland rose in arms against her masters, what terrible wars she carried on in order to reconquer her independence; if we see, even now, after a century, how much vitality she has preserved, we can hardly conceive the fate of such a country in the last century, at a time when philosophy was spreading its light in Europe. This Polish question is, after all, the great interest of the 'Secret du Roi.' Many others will be found in the entertaining work of the Duc de Broglie. There is an amusing account of the missions of the once famous Chevalier d'Éon, who sometimes passed for a man and sometimes for a woman. A diplomat of my acquaintance, after having gone through the two volumes, said: "Well, the 'Secret du Roi' is a catching title, but the true title ought to have been 'La Maison de Broglie et la Famille de Bourbon.'"

Correspondence.

LORD DUFFERIN'S ADMINISTRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I trust you will not be angry if I say that I saw with surprise, in your notice of a Canadian book, language which appeared to indicate sympathy on your part with the adulation (for I can call it nothing else) of Lord Dufferin.

What has Lord Dufferin done but labor, in his vocation as an emissary of the British aristocracy, to stimulate anti-republican sentiment in Canada, to intensify her political antagonism to the United States, and thus to sow the seeds of future trouble among the inhabitants of this continent? If he has done anything more it has been to cultivate popularity for himself, as the means of his advancement, by flattering speeches which have filled the minds of the Canadian people with false notions, by lavish entertainments which have done mischief to society, fostered habits of extravagance, and, as the consequence, brought distress into not a few Canadian homes.

As to his administrative success, it is a pure fiction. In the crucial instance of the Pacific Railway scandal he decided that he was bound simply to follow the advice of his ministers on every occasion; and he did not perform a single administrative act of the slightest consequence during the whole time that he was Governor-General. The question of British Columbia, which he is credited with settling, stands exactly where it was.

Toadyism is rampant; and, I am afraid, on both sides of the line. But in the *Nation* we hope always to find the antidote, not the bane.

Yours, faithfully,

VERAX.

CANADA, December 14.

Notes.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. have in press three noteworthy translations, viz., Eugène Véron's 'Esthetics' and André Lefèvre's 'Philosophy' (belonging to the Contemporary Science Series), and Prof. Würtz's 'Elements of Modern Chemistry.'—D. Appleton & Co. have just issued in their Collection of Foreign Authors 'The Diary of a Woman,' from the French of Octave Feuillet. They have also brought out a novel and very useful work called 'The Geologist's Travelling Hand-book: an American Geological Railway Guide,' edited by James Macfarlane with the co-operation of leading geologists in the various States of the Union. The originality of the conception lies in the attempt to show "the geological formation at every railroad station." The arrangement is by States, the geological formations being enumerated at the head of the section, and the railroads following with the local indications. The distances along the lines are also set down. An introduction briefly elucidates the system of geology, and an appendix gives the chronology of the older railroad extensions. Tourists by rail, pedestrians, even intending settlers, can find their profit in this book as well as students of geology.—The Rose-Belford Publishing Co., Toronto, send us 'The Tariff Hand-book,' compiled by John Maclean, which, though intended for use in the approaching economic struggle across the border, has its value for us against whom the proposed tariff changes are aimed. It exhibits all of the Canadian protective tariffs, the United States tariff in full, the British tariff (two pages to our thirty), portions of Continental tariffs, the Reciprocity Draft Treaty of 1874, etc., etc. Mr. Maclean avows himself a protectionist, in sympathy with the dominant party in Canada, but unbiassed in his collection of statistics.—Until Christmas the rooms of the Society of Decorative Art, No. 34 East Nineteenth Street, will remain open in the evening. The Society's organ, *Art Interchange*, has been enlarged and otherwise improved.—We regret to have to chronicle the death of Stephen H. Carpenter, Professor of Logic and English Literature in the University of Wisconsin, in the 48th year of his age. He graduated at the University of Rochester in 1852, and was called to his late chair in 1868. He was a frequent contributor to the religious and educational periodicals of the country, and ten of his educational addresses have been published. His published works embrace 'Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity,' 'English of the XIVth Century,' and 'Introduction to the Study of Anglo-Saxon.' He had just ready for the press a translation of A.-S. 'Beowulf,' with notes.—The Boston Society of Natural History have begun the issue of tiny 'Guides for Science-Teaching,' designed to supplement the lectures given by the society to the teachers in the public schools of that city. They are not meant for text-books. No. 1 is 'About Pebbles,' by Alpheus Hyatt.—A gift-book that comes to us among the later arrivals—'Caledonia,' described by Scott, Burns, and Ramsay' (R. Worthington)—is to be praised for its comeliness in moderation, if we may so express our meaning. Paper and print are all that should be desired, for use at least, and the best of Mr. Macwhirter's picturesque illustrations are excellent indeed.—Cassell, Petter & Galpin have now ready for distribution the three maps of London in 1560, 1720, and at the present day which accompany their 'Old and New London' just completed. The first two embrace the territory from Westminster to Wapping; the last from Hammersmith to Greenwich. In that of 1560, which is in two sheets, the modern quarters, as yet only fields and woods, are indicated by a special lettering. The series is most interesting.—A fortnight ago we noticed the miniature edition of the 'Divina Commedia' published at Padua by the Salmin Bros. B. Westermann & Co. have received a single copy of this remarkable work, of which but a thousand copies have been printed. It seems hardly possible that the type could ever have been cast, let alone its being set up, and to read it is as trying as to read the photographic fac-simile reductions with which we are familiar. The courageous proof-reader has not been left in obscurity: "L. Busato *corresse*" appears on the back of the title.—Hermann Wunderlich & Co. send us their catalogue of prints in stock and for sale. This is remarkable among dealers' catalogues for the care that seems to have been taken with its preparation. It is divided into three parts: the first consists of the titles of prints by the earlier painter-engravers, Dürer and his school, Rembrandt and the etchers, Lucas van Leyden and Goltzius, Marc-Antonio and his followers. The second division deals with the engravers in line and in mezzotint of the middle time—those who made it their business to reproduce the work of painters of renown. The third division includes the work of the recent and still living etchers, and such work as can be got under that head;

even the 'Liber Studiorum' mezzotints, properly enough, for modern original (painter-engraver's) work is almost exclusively done in etching, and the few exceptions must needs go with the rest. There are a few errors we have noted, errors of spelling artists' names or of giving titles to prints; but in almost every case these are the errors of somebody to whom English is not a mother-tongue, trying to put into English, French, and German technical names, and the like. This kind of blunder reaches its climax when Dürer's well-known print is called "The Coat of Arms with the Rooster." The catalogue is a good one to have at hand; all the prices are given, and on this account it has its value for reference.—The latest literary surprise is the announcement that hereafter the *North American Review*, beginning with the January number, will appear monthly.

—The January *Harper's* is a thoroughly characteristic number in all respects, "Porte Crayon" serving as a connecting link between the older and the newer traditions, both literary and pictorial, of the magazine. His domestic confidences under the title "Home" may be taken to have some value as illustrating self-reconstruction at the South in the best spirit, under at least ordinary difficulties. Mr. Rideing's opening paper on Liverpool is well ordered and instructive, and is markedly superior in these points and in interest to Mr. Benjamin's "Rambles in the South of France," a little further on. Between them, Mrs. Mary Treat discourses on red and black ants with the authority of a patient and accurate observer, and with the aid of magnified portraits and diagrams of the "slave-makers" and their haunts. Miss Jennie J. Young contributes a short paper on cloisonné enamel. In the "Meeting of the 'Royal' on Durdham Down" Colonel Waring describes with his usual clearness and effectiveness an English agricultural show held last summer, and candidly compares it with the best of our own. The attendance he found noticeable only on account of the amount of beer and spirits sold within the enclosure, and drunk by men and women without that effect on decorum which the toleration of such practices among us would surely produce. Among the agricultural implements he highly praises the ploughs, and especially the steam-plough, which he believes will in time be frankly adopted in our own larger cultivation. The horse-show proved captivating, but the farm-horses seemed to him too heavy, clumsy, and slow in their movements. The short-horn cattle and the Devons, and even the Jerseys, were disappointing, the good qualities of the last having been sacrificed to "color." The most curious paper is Mrs. Zabel B. Gustafson's "Maria del Occidente." This is an attempt at literary restitution which will be judged more or less successful according to the reader's respect for the writer's critical capacity, the weight he attaches to certain encomiums by Southey and Lamb, and, lastly, the impression made by the samples of Mrs. Maria Gowan Brooks's poetry. The fashion of our day is averse to long-winded poetizing, and what might be gained for Mrs. Brooks if we could read the whole of "Zophiel" instead of these fragments—gained, we mean, in just appreciation of her merit—would perhaps be in danger of being neutralized by the fatigue of reading to the end. Mrs. Gustafson does not hesitate to challenge comparison with Tennyson, Byron, and Swinburne, and even Dante and Sappho. We will go as far as any one in the homage due to Massachusetts, but in the case of this Medford poetess (whose personal history is so romantic) we feel compelled to draw the line a little short of Mrs. Gustafson's.

—First deserving of mention in the January *Scribner's* is Mr. Clarence Cook's "Leonardo da Vinci," a condensed account of the career of a genius whose grand trait, in the writer's view, was originality. The article is skilfully illustrated with fac-similes of Leonardo's mechanical drawings embodying the inventions of his practical mind, and with copies of his masterpieces with the brush. Readable, also, are Mr. Frank B. Mayer's "Old Maryland Manners"; Mr. C. C. Buel's "At the Old Bull's Head," in which a broken-down Wall Street gambler figures historically; and Mr. John Muir's "Mountain Lakes of California." Not much is to be said for the text, as literature, of "The Tile-Club at Work," but the basis of fact is interesting, and one may reasonably expect good work from the informal association here described. A number of the tiles produced at the regular gatherings have been engraved for this number, and more are promised as the result of an excursion last summer to Long Island. The chief poetical feature of this number is Mr. Bayard Taylor's "Epicædium" on the late W. C. Bryant.

—The London *Times* lately published, in three instalments, a series of copious extracts from a publication which has excited no little attention in Germany—"Graf Bismarck und seine Leute während des Krieges mit Frankreich. Nach Tagebuchsblättern, von Dr. Moritz Busch." M. Émile de Laveleye, in the December *Fortnightly*, devotes an entertaining

article to the same record, which we shall see before long in an English translation. The book is only just out in Germany, where it has produced no small agitation and scandal; and while we await a more complete acquaintance with it we may find some profit in the specimens with which we have already been furnished. Dr. Moritz Busch, who appears to be a veritable Teutonic Boswell, was a practised journalist, in the employ of the Berlin Foreign Office, when he accompanied the great Chancellor, in the summer of 1870, to the seat of war. It may be added that his name figures as the translator of those American tales (by Messrs. Bret Harte, Howells, Aldrich, H. James, jr., etc.) which have lately been introduced in such profusion to German readers. He appears to have noted down, indefatigably, the conversation of his illustrious chief, and his book offers an almost complete record of Prince Bismarck's table-talk and small-talk during the momentous months of the Franco-German war. The result is an extraordinary portrait, which, whether pleasing or not, has evidently the merit of minute fidelity. The Chancellor, in fact, paints himself, and his devoted diarist has done nothing but suspend the picture. It has presumably been given to the world with Prince Bismarck's own sanction, and this proceeding is only the conclusive, crowning instance of that tremendous audacity which is the most salient feature in the personality of the model. As regards everything and every one, Prince Bismarck is unsparingly, exhaustively, brutally frank. His opinion of the French nation is of the lowest; he speaks lightly even of M. Thiers:

"He is a clever, attractive gentleman, witty, spirited, intellectual, but without talent for diplomacy. He is far too sentimental for the profession. Though more manly and dignified than M. Favre, he is altogether unfit for the trade. He came to me as a negotiator when he had not gumption enough to know how to set about selling a horse. He is easily staggered, and he shows it."

Elsewhere, however, he is reported as having said to M. Thiers: "It is a pleasure to talk with so civilized a human being as you." In regard to the French love of phrases he says: "You may lay twenty-five lashes on a Frenchman's back with impunity, if only delivering the while a speech upon liberty and the dignity of mankind; the imaginative victim will not know he is being flogged." And the world will be interested to learn that, for every defect of the French, the Germans have a corresponding merit: "I am quite sure that the expression *politesse de cœur* is not French, but a translation from the German. This is a peculiar sort of politeness which I have met nowhere but in Germany. . . . The French certainly know nothing of the kind, being polite only from hatred or envy." One may be pardoned for wondering whether it was from *politesse de cœur* (even in the German original) that, as the Chancellor relates, the Princess Bismarck, in the autumn of 1870, "would have the French exterminated root and branch, only excepting the little children, who cannot be held responsible for having such atrocious parents." This edifying wish is one of those numerous passages for which it is almost inconceivable that Prince Bismarck should have desired the honors of publicity.

—A great many of Dr. Busch's notes are autobiographic and relate to the Prince's personal idiosyncrasies and physical exploits—his duels, his bouts of beer-drinking, his endurance of fatigue, his extraordinary capacity for work. His physical endowments are evidently quite on the same grand scale as his intellectual, and his iron will has had at its service a temperament of iron. Dr. Busch, like a faithful Boswell, represents his capacity of consuming food as Johnsonian, and quotes the Prince's own assertion that "the German nation is determined to have a corpulent Chancellor." It would appear that in all these details there was, on the Chancellor's part, a sort of bravado, of grossness, and animalism. And yet he is also represented as extremely spiritual, and he affirms on several occasions the intensity of his religious belief. "A plain, God-fearing man"—that old-fashioned phrase is about Prince Bismarck's description of himself.

"If I ceased to be a Christian, I should not remain at my post another hour. . . . If I had not been rigorously orthodox the German nation would never have had its present Chancellor. . . . How willingly would I go away! I love the life of the fields, of woods, of nature. Take away from me my belief in God, and to-morrow morning I pack my portmanteau and set off for Varzin to grow my corn."

Of course there are great numbers of political judgments, many of which are very curious—some for their striking felicity, some for what may be fairly called their absurdity. (We may mention in this latter class the Prince's prophecy that France would shortly be decomposed into various states, under Legitimist, Republican, Radical, and Imperialist governments respectively.) He points out with cruel definiteness what Napo-

leon III., had he been a wiser man, *might* have done with certain success in 1866:

"At the beginning of hostilities against Austria he ought to have seized what he wished to obtain by the Benedetti treaty [a projected treaty for the freedom, as far as Prussia was concerned, to lay Bonapartist hands on Belgium, granted in exchange for the cession of Landau, Saarbrück, etc., and withdrawal from the duchy of Luxembourg] and to have kept it as a pledge against future events. We could not have stopped him, and it is not very likely that England would have done so. In any case he could have awaited her with a firm foot. If we proved victorious he ought to have led us to push on our advantages even to excess. But he has never been anything but a dreamer."

It is highly displeasing, at any rate, to perceive how perpetually the late Emperor of the French dreamed of doing violence to Belgium. In the case of so formidable a personage as the Chancellor it is agreeable for us to learn, under date of September 12, 1870, that "Prince Bismarck has long been well disposed towards the Americans." He is very frank as regards the ideal form of political power. "After all, a benevolent, rational absolutism is the best form of government. Unless strengthened by some of this salutary tonic any government must fall to pieces. But, alas! we have no real absolutists left; the race has died out." The violently repressive measures now taking place in Germany would seem to disprove this last clause, though perhaps even Prince Bismarck himself would hardly pretend that the strong military régime at Berlin is a "benevolent, rational" absolutism.

—A correspondent writes from London under date of December 4:

"The London public is never left for many days without a *cause célèbre* of some kind. The latest novelty in this line has been the suit for damages brought against Mr. Ruskin by Mr. James Whistler, the American painter, and decided last week. Mr. Whistler is very well known in the London world, and his conspicuity, combined with the renown of the defendant and the nature of the case, made the affair the talk of the moment. All the newspapers have had leading articles upon it, and people have differed for a few hours more positively than it had come to be supposed that they could differ about anything save the character of the statesmanship of Lord Beaconsfield. The injury suffered by Mr. Whistler resides in a paragraph published more than a year ago in that strange monthly manifesto called *Fors Clavigera*, which Mr. Ruskin had for a long time addressed to a partly edified, partly irritated, and greatly amused public. Mr. Ruskin spoke at some length of the pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery, and, falling foul of Mr. Whistler, he alluded to him in these terms:

"For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

"Mr. Whistler alleged that these words were libellous, and that, coming from a critic of Mr. Ruskin's eminence, they had done him, professionally, serious injury; and he asked for £1,000 damage. The case had a two days' hearing, and it was a singular and most regrettable exhibition. If it had taken place in some Western American town, it would have been called provincial and barbarous; it would have been cited as an incident of a low civilization. Beneath the stately towers of Westminster it hardly wore a higher aspect. A British jury of ordinary tax-payers was appealed to to decide whether Mr. Whistler's pictures belonged to a high order of art, and what degree of 'finish' was required to render a picture satisfactory. The painter's singular canvases were handed about in court, and the counsel for the defence, holding one of them up, called upon the jury to pronounce whether it was an 'accurate representation' of Battersea Bridge. Witnesses were summoned on either side to testify to the value of Mr. Whistler's productions, and Mr. Ruskin had the honor of having his estimate of them substantiated by Mr. Frith. The weightiest testimony, the most intelligently, and apparently the most reluctantly, delivered, was that of Mr. Burne Jones, who appeared to appreciate the ridiculous character of the process to which he had been summoned (by the defence) to contribute, and who spoke of Mr. Whistler's performances as only in a partial sense of the word pictures—as being beautiful in color, and indicating an extraordinary power of representing the atmosphere, but as being also hardly more than beginnings, and fatally deficient in finish. For the rest, the crudity and levity of the whole affair were decidedly painful, and few things, I think, have lately done more to vulgarize the public sense of the character of artistic production. The jury gave Mr. Whistler nominal damages. The opinion of the newspapers seems to be that he has got at least all he deserved—that anything more would have been a blow at the liberty of criticism. I confess to thinking it hard to decide what Mr. Whistler ought properly to have done, while—putting aside the degree of one's appreciation of his works—I quite understand his resentment. Mr. Ruskin's language quite transgresses the decencies of criticism, and he has been laying about him for some years past with such promiscuous violence that it gratifies one's sense of justice to see him brought up as a disorderly character. On the other hand, he is a chartered libertine—he has possessed himself by prescription of the function of a general scold. His literary bad manners are recognized, and many of his contemporaries have suffered from them without complaining. It would very possibly, therefore, have been much wiser on Mr. Whistler's part to feign indifference. Unfortunately, Mr. Whistler's productions are so very eccentric and imperfect (I speak here of his paintings only; his

etchings are quite another affair, and altogether admirable) that his critic's denunciation could by no means fall to the ground of itself. I wonder that before a British jury they had any chance whatever; they must have been a terrible puzzle. The verdict, of course, satisfies neither party: Mr. Ruskin is formally condemned, but the plaintiff is not compensated. Mr. Ruskin too, doubtless, is not gratified at finding that the fullest weight of his disapproval is thought to be represented by the sum of one farthing."

—In No. 646 of the *Nation* we noticed the opening parts of Rüstow's history of the late war in Turkey. The work is now complete, forming an octavo volume of seven hundred pages, with twenty-four small maps, and bears the title, 'Der Orientalische Krieg in den Jahren 1877 und 1878' (Zürich). The last chapter is marked, "Abgeschlossen am 29. Mai 1878." A few months later the author's life also came to a close. Tired of cares, bodily sufferings, and inadequately rewarded labors, he shot himself at Riesbach, near Zürich, on August 14. Since 1870 he had held the rank of colonel in the service of the Swiss Confederation, but he received pay only for days of active employment, and was lately refused a professorship of military science at the polytechnic school at Zürich, and in his death considered himself a victim of ingratitude and intrigue. His last papers breathe bitter contempt of the ruling powers in Switzerland. He was a native of Prussia, being born in Brandenburg in 1821, was second lieutenant in the royal corps of engineers, but during the revolutionary movements in 1848 assumed a hostile attitude towards the Prussian "Militärstaat," denounced it in a pamphlet, was tried, and in 1850 fled to Switzerland, of which he became a citizen and, in 1856, a military officer. The most brilliant period of his life was the time of his active co-operation with Garibaldi in Sicily and Naples in 1860, where he greatly contributed to the victories on the Volturno and elsewhere, which were followed by the downfall of the Bourbon throne. The rest of Wilhelm Rüstow's riper years were spent in the elaboration of a vast number of military works, chiefly military histories, all of uncommon merit. Among them are: 'Der Krieg gegen Russland' (1855-6), 'Die Feldherrnkunst des 19. Jahrhunderts' (1857), 'Geschichte der Infanterie' (1857-8), 'Militärisches Handwörterbuch' (1859), 'Der Deutsch-Dänische Krieg von 1864' (1864), 'Der Krieg von 1866 in Deutschland und Italien' (1866), 'Die ersten Feldzüge Napoleon Bonaparte's in Italien und Deutschland' (1868), 'Der Krieg um die Rheingrenze' (1871), 'Der Krieg in der Türkei von 1876' (1876), and works on the military historians of the ancients, the war of 1805, the Italian campaigns of 1848-9, 1850, and 1860, the war in Hungary in 1848-9, the organization of armies, modern tactics, the war of sieges, and partisan warfare. Wilhelm Rüstow was the oldest of three brothers, of whom the two younger, Alexander and Cisar, both military writers of merit and majors in the Prussian service, met their death in the war of 1866, the former dying of a wound received in the battle of Sadowna, July 3, and the latter falling in an engagement with the Bavarians, July 4. Their bravery in the contest for Prussian supremacy in Germany was no less conspicuous than Wilhelm's under the revolutionary banner of Garibaldi.

—Another military writer and revolutionary commander, less distinguished in the former capacity but more widely known in the latter than Wilhelm Rüstow, the Polish general Ludwik Mieroslawski, died last month. Born in France, but educated in Poland, he left the latter country on the fall of Warsaw in 1831, having fought bravely against the Russians at the age of seventeen, and in Paris devoted himself with passionate ardor to the study of military science. He attached himself to the democratic branch of the Polish emigration, and, admired as the author of a 'Histoire de la Révolution de Pologne' (1837), and of 'A Course of the Art of War; or, A Critical Examination of the Campaign of 1831,' in Polish, became the designated chief of the next insurrection in Poland. This was prepared by a vast conspiracy, but its outbreak in February, 1846, was a disastrous failure. Mieroslawski, before unsheathing his sword, was arrested in Posen, tried in Berlin, and, after a bold defence of his cause, kept in prison under sentence of death. Delivered by the revolution of March, 1848, he fought against the Prussians at the head of Polish bands hastily collected in Posen, won a fruitless victory, and retired. In 1849 he successively commanded the insurrectionary forces of the Sicilians and the Badenese; but in Sicily he was disabled by a wound, and in Germany he achieved only momentary advantages. After the surrender of the fortress of Rastadt he again lived in France. The last of his brief campaigns took place during the Polish insurrection of 1863, when he was overwhelmed by the Russians. He was a man of great powers and extensive knowledge, but impetuous and arrogant, and was as vehement in denouncing his aristocratic opponents within the Polish camp as he was reckless in fighting the enemies of Poland.

—Julius Lessing's 'Altorientalische Teppichmuster,' lately completed in Germany, is now obtainable here. It is a collection of patterns of Oriental rugs and carpets, drawn for the most part from the paintings of Italian, Flemish, and German masters—Bellini, Carpaccio, Ghirlandajo, Van Eyck, Holbein, and others, with a few Italian examples of tarsia-work (wood inlay) and of marble and stone wall-diapering from Italy and from Assyria. The plates are large and handsome, the treatment being scientific rather than pictorial; the local colors are given with as much accuracy as German eyes aided by the crude art of the chromo-lithographer can compass, and the outline of the patterns is strongly defined, a result neither aimed at nor accomplished, as every one knows, in the fabrics themselves. Still, the knowledge gained by bringing all these examples together is valuable, and one must be grateful to the author for the ingenuity of his design and for the persevering patience with which he has worked it out. A companion work is Friedrich Fishbach's 'Ornamente der Gewebe,' a collection of patterns of stuffs all of mediæval or early Renaissance designs, and of Italian, Spanish, German, Flemish, French, and Oriental—that is, Indian, Persian, and Saracenic—designs. No such rich and varied collection of these designs, nor in such numbers, has ever, we believe, been offered to the public, and they will be found of great use to the modern designer and architect. The colors are well given, and gold and silver are employed whenever the original design calls for them.

—These works are expensive, or, at least, are beyond the reach of ordinary purses. Intended for a more popular audience, and not only very attractive and interesting to the student of design, but one of the cheapest publications we know, is the 'Treasury of Renaissance Design' (*Der Formenschatz der Renaissance*), published by George Hirth in Munich. It is now complete in two volumes. Each volume was published in ten small parts, each containing from twelve to sixteen plates, and selling at 40 cents a part, or \$4 currency for the volume. The first volume contains 132 plates, the second 120, and the names of the artists represented in these 252 designs are the most famous in their several departments. The plates are reproduced by heliotype or some kindred process from original drawings and prints, and the compiler has in all cases had access to the best impressions, so that, although the heliotype process leaves much to be desired in clearness and brilliancy, yet so far as accuracy is concerned these plates are sufficient for the purpose they are meant to serve. The field of design covered by this popular publication includes many things outside the usual list of subjects. Here are the arabesques of Flötner, De Bry, Lucas van Leyden, Holbein, Virgil Solis, and others, with designs for jewelry, goldsmiths' work, book-covers, ornamental borders, printers' marks, head and tail pieces, etc., etc., and besides these are many interesting and valuable reproductions of woodcuts by Dürer, Burgkmaier, Holbein, and others, with copies of prints from Mantegna, from the 'Polifilo,' attributed to Gianbellini, and so on, the whole forming a most curious and suggestive collection, which any one may study with profit. Among other things we note in passing are some charming capital letters, one page of Greek letters designed by Geoffrey de Tory, with others by Italian and French artists. Here for eight dollars is capital material for a school of design, where boys and girls, under the lead of an intelligent master, might be indoctrinated in good science of the subject, and if in some cases (but only a few) taught what to avoid, in the greater part shown clearly what is the path to solid and enduring excellence.

RECENT NOVELS.*

[T] is a great relief for a critic to be allowed now and then to leave the balancing of pro and con., the search for unapparent excellence, and the effort to reach a sympathetic stand-point which may alter all the manifest false perspectives in a poor book, and to resume a natural mental attitude, with a comfortable play of muscle and re-establishment of normal circulation, on seeing a book which may be honestly praised; which is neither crude nor coarse, nor even ill-bred; which does not aim at the destruction nor even the reconstruction of society, but which leads one with a gentle interest through pleasant scenes and people, with a gleam of light here and a touch of shadow there, till the faces grow definite and the places familiar, and we follow willingly, and the end comes too soon. This is all true of 'For Percival.' The title is awkward, but the title is always a difficulty, and this is not unfit as representing the tendency of the various interests in the book to gather round Mr. Percival Thorne. Tall, dark, handsome, like a foreign bird on an English lawn, the son of a disinherited father, caring chiefly for personal

independence and absolute personal rectitude, but engaging himself to a woman chiefly because *she* loves him; then losing every penny of his own fortune, and barely supporting himself by lawyer's copying, Percival somehow fills the canvas. The scene is laid chiefly at Brackenhill, a delightful old place belonging to Percival's grandfather. The estate is not entailed, and to dangle the succession before the eyes of his two grandsons, Percival and Horace, is the chief pleasure of old Mr. Thorne's life. And yet he is not a bad old man, he is only English—just as much the result of laws and customs affecting the transmission of land as any bit of parchment covered with crabbed writing, and locked up in a solicitor's office. The whole book is English, dyed in grain; all the habits, amusements, what they do and what they do not do, the enduring frame of established conventions within which life moves, the quiet persistence of habits, all are harmonious as a good picture, low in tone. There are a variety of characters: Sipsy—sweet soul! who does what she shouldn't, to be sure, but all "for Percival," and is such a pure, delicate, charming creature; Aunt Middleton, steadiest and best-bred of old ladies; Mrs. James, like a bad actress in the midst of the quiet finish of Brackenhill; Horace, weak and false; Godfrey Hammond, the clever London man who is always sent for at family crises, etc., etc. Also there is Miss Lisle, who makes all the running, is the successful lady, but who rouses in ill-regulated minds a feeling of antagonism quite refreshing. There is a death-bed scene, full of pathos; and there is something perhaps not pathetic but surely depressing in the final picture of Percival, wandering over the world with his chosen companion, without duties, enthusiasms, or, apparently, hopes—the typical modern man. We do not tell the plot, we recommend our readers to buy the book, which is credited in the English papers to a new name—Margaret Veley.

'John-a-Dreams' is a graceful trifle which describes the dreamy childhood and restless youth of an English boy—Irvine Dale—an orphan, but surrounded by affectionate relatives, with an ample property and the best of social opportunities. He has the appropriate modern discontent with the world and himself, but does nothing more desperate than travel in Italy—a little off the beaten track—and rejoice in the company of a young English girl training herself for an opera singer, and her pleasant shady father. His cousin is sent to bring him away from these dangerous people, and Irvine mildly goes back to England, where he finds an old friend and companion the reigning beauty of the season. He offers himself to her in a hasty and half-insulting manner, is naturally refused, does some work in a working church, where he is comfortable for a little while, but is disgusted with the poor architecture of the church and the cheap finery of the congregation; so he flings it all up and goes to the opera. That night happens to be the début of Miss Archer, the young lady with whom he was in Italy; and the beauty, Miss Adare, is one of the audience. This is too much for Irvine; he leaves the house and rushes violently to Sunleigh-on-Thames. Within a few hours his faithful cousin looks him up, finds that he is very ill, lays the case before Miss Adare, who, with the natural instinct of a carefully brought up young Englishwoman, says she will go down to his lodgings and take care of him. This she does, taking a foolish aunt of Dale's as chaperon. Here she meets Miss Archer, who comes to enquire for Mr. Dale, and after some mutual observation the two ladies fall into friendship. Irvine gets well, and the book closes with a grand tableau of Irvine in an easy-chair, his friends in easy attitudes on the lawn about him, and Katharine Adare appearing from the house in the background. Nothing can well be slighter than the thread of this story. The attraction of the book—for it is attractive—is in its airy style, the clever episodes, the minor characters. The tea-party at Oxford is delightful; Miss Harefell is a new kind of fool; and the writer's tone is that of a man of society who sees and knows whatever is new and lively. Might but some of our docile ladies be startled into consciousness by Miss Harefell's "procession of gray-green geese on a green-gray background"! The author's name does not appear on the title-page, but we believe it is no secret that the same writer has contributed sundry clever stories to *Blackwood*. We are not sure that we do not like one of these stories, 'Bee or Beatrice,' better than 'John-a-Dreams.' We wonder who is responsible for the alteration of the motto on the title-page. The English copies have a line or two from Hamlet, which indicates the origin of the title; whereas the present motto would suit any other book as well as this one.

'The Haunted Hotel' has such a charming title and is such a won-

* 'John-a-Dreams.' A tale. Appleton's New Handy-Volnme Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

'The Haunted Hotel: A Mystery of Modern Venice. By Wilkie Collins.' Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company. 1878.

* 'For Percival.' A novel; with illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

derful mixture of ghosts and hotel-keepers, of mediæval magic and modern English families, that those who find modern life unromantic must hail this book as a noble effort in the right direction. In fact, it is a mixture of the impossible and the commonplace, and it calls out from vague vistas of memory a romantic ballad which we seem to have heard in our cradles, and which began with a precision worthy of Mr. Collins, *e.g.*:

"The clock was striking two
By the monastery bell,
And the lamp was burning dimly
In the court of the hotel;
The Chevalier was weary,
But, as he said his prayers"—

and so on and so on. Dumas wrote one very effective story, which showed how old magic affected modern life; but not everybody can write a 'Monte Cristo,' and Mr. Collins had better let it alone.

Edward Garrett has not always the gift of being readable, but 'The House by the Works' is a pleasant story, one of those in which sins are retrieved and misfortunes faced, and goodness is not too immaculate; nor sorrow too hopeless to be endured. Miss Barbara Pendlebury returns in middle life to Perford, where she was born and where she is her brother's partner in the "Works" which produce the family fortune. Instead of establishing herself in a fashionable region she goes back to the House by the Works, where she had lived in her childhood, makes it orderly and bright, and then, without posing as crusader or missionary, does what her hand finds to do in that place and for her neighbors. There are a charming mother and daughter in the village, German by descent, Moravian in creed, bakers by trade; and the daughter, Lois Enticknapp, is delightful in her bright, pure, active life. We recommend the book as pleasant, helpful reading for young folks and old folks.

If we can root out of our minds the notion that Henri Gréville's stories are peculiarly fitted for the reading of young people we shall soon settle on a sound basis of estimation, and nobody will be shocked to hear that 'L'Aimée' is a clever, disagreeable story, which traces the rise and progress of an odious sentiment with the skilful use and not abuse of detail which is one among the author's good literary gifts. She turns a strong light on certain crises in her stories; the reader sees every item that makes up the whole, and carries through the more generalized portions a vivid impression far more effective than the weight of incessant detail with which some modern realists load the limited human faculties. The *locale* and the personages in 'L'Aimée' are French, and all the conditions of French life amongst rising professors, sober old *rentiers*, and aspiring officials are very well described by a person who knows all about them.

How superfluous it seems to say anything about that true, clever, painful little story called 'Daisy Miller'! Certainly no American book of its size has been so much read and so much discussed, as far as our memory runs back. It is the best thing that Mr. James has ever done—*i.e.*, the completest and the least touched by his mannerisms or limitations. It is a perfect study of a type not, alas! uncommon, but it is not offensively anatomical; the dry bones live, are clothed, the joints do not rattle, the smaller bones are not separate against a dark background, but cohere and move in a human fashion. It is true that poor Daisy is sacrificed to Mr. James's incapacity to get his *dramatis personæ* off the stage in any way except by killing them; but that is comparatively a small matter in a sketch like this, and in other respects we have Mr. James at his very best. No American who has not been abroad can really appreciate this story. One must have shuddered at the approach of Randolph C. Miller's type to understand the full horror of that child seen in a land of well-trained children. One must have listened in a railway-carriage to the confidences of a young lady (seen for the first time at the station), poured out for the benefit of all chance fellow travellers; one must have painfully struggled between a sense of snobbishness in not acknowledging one's country-people and a conviction of untold miseries consequent on the other line of action; in short, one must have suffered in order fully to understand the fine quality of this story. We hope it will be published in "Tauchnitz," be in the bookcases of all the ocean steamers, be so presented to the "moral consciousness" of the American people that they, being quickwitted, may see themselves here truthfully portrayed, and may say, "Not so, but otherwise will we be." It is hard on Mr. James to make him a moral reformer, but he must console himself

with the modern dogma that whatever is clever *enough* is necessarily moral.

There is a story with regard to the literary success of the author of the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor' for the truth of which we cannot vouch, but which is *ben trovato* if not true. It is to the effect that he (it is definitely ascertained that he is not a woman) has been writing anonymously for a number of years, during the course of which he has been severely reviewed by a well-known English weekly paper. On the appearance of the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor' he was as usual handled without gloves; but the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor' made a hit and opened the eyes of the weekly in question to the fact that its author was not the man it had taken him for. Consequently, when 'Auld Lang Syne' came out with its avowed authorship there appeared in the weekly a most flattering notice of the book. The moral of this tale, of course, is the folly and unscrupulousness of critics and weekly newspapers; but that which we deduce from it is the folly of the particular weekly newspaper at whose expense the story is in circulation; for the truth must be told and justice must be done though the heavens fall, and truth and justice compel us to say that 'Auld Lang Syne' is as poor a novel as we have read for a long time, and that the best thing for the author to do now would be to come out with a statement to the effect that it is an "early" novel, which he had "put away in his drawer" years ago, and was now published merely as a sort of juvenile "study." We say this with a great deal of disappointment, and in the hope that the fact may be as we have suggested; for if the book is really a successor of the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor,' it shows that the author, to use aquatic slang, has no "staying" power and is rapidly "going to pieces." The story itself is simple enough, and might be made the groundwork of a novel either good or bad. A young man, secretly married, is carried off by a press-gang (the scene is laid in England in the early part of this century), and, after strange adventures at sea, comes back with plenty of money, to be reunited to his wife, who thinks him dead, and who (owing to the clandestine character of the marriage) has had her terrible sufferings too. It is one of those plots of which Charles Reade at his best would make a charming tale, half play, half novel. But in the pages of 'Auld Lang Syne' it is treated with a stiffness and an unnaturalness that are very depressing. The style is forced and ambitious too; while the characters are not drawn with any vividness of touch. The opening sentence will show what we mean with regard to style; it is a "specimen brick":

"In the embrace of a curvature of this noble island of Britain, where the coast beheld by the passing mariner shines before his eyes with the pearly gloss and delicate shimmer of marble; where the land shoots out into the sea, scorning, with its iron heel stanchly planted, the thunderous shocks of the hurricane or the more deadly tooth of the lipping calm, and bearing on high at night its flaming beacon, like the fabled giant defying the stars with uplifted torch; stands a town whereon no man with a mind into which soft thoughts may enter readily can gaze without stopping to reflect."

A school-boy could point out the glaring faults of this rhetoric. We do not remember anything of the sort in the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor.' There were, to be sure, many strained situations and melodramatic incidents in that powerful story; but the style in which it was told was in character with the person who told it. Usually it is much more difficult for a novelist to put his story into the mouth of one of his characters; only the best writers of fiction have done it thoroughly well. That a writer should do it more easily than tell a story himself, and in fact tell a story badly himself while making a fictitious character tell one well, seems to us contrary to nature. If the fact were that 'Auld Lang Syne' was really written before (and a good while before) the other, it would furnish a key to the puzzle.

The reception which, as we observe, Mr. Black's new novel has met with in England is an excellent illustration of the variations of criticism. It is spoken of in one journal as the culminating effort of his genius, the ripest fruit of his powers; from another it elicits the remark that the author had for some time been suspected to be in his decline, and that now the evidence is clear. One critic commends it for its freshness, and another snubs it for its trickiness; one reviewer cannot find words to express his sense of its high finish, and another finds words without difficulty to record his opinion of its carelessness. The truth, to our mind, lies where it very often lies—in the middle way. 'MacLeod of Dare' has not the freshness and charm of the 'Princess of Thule' and the 'Adventures of a Phaeton'; but it is better than 'Madcap Violet,' and very

'The House by the Works.' By Edward Garrett, author of 'Crooked Places,' 'Occupations of a Retired Life,' 'Premiums Paid to Experience,' etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

'A Friend (L'Aimée).' By Henri Gréville, author of 'Sonia,' 'Savelli's Expulsion,' 'Gabrielle,' 'Marrying off a Daughter,' etc. Translated by Miss Helen Stanley. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

'Auld Lang Syne: A Novel.' By the author of 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor.' (Franklin Square Library, No. 24.) New York: Harper & Bros.

'MacLeod of Dare.' By William Black. New York: Harper & Bros. 1878.

much better than 'The Three Feathers' and the singularly ineffective tale which Mr. Black published a year and a half ago. The author has had the good fortune to lay his hand on a very picturesque and striking subject, and the story has the further merit that it takes him back to the scenery of the Scotch coast, of which he has so evidently keen a relish, and which he is never weary of describing. A thoroughly good subject is a fine thing and a rare thing, but 'Macleod of Dare' may boast of possessing it. The story relates the fortunes of a gallant and simple-minded young Scotch laird, the last of an ancient fighting line who dwell in their legendary castle in one of the islands of the west coast of Scotland. The action takes place at the present day, and the author brings his hero up to London and introduces him to the complexities of contemporary manners; but he has nevertheless succeeded in keeping up the romantic tone of the story, and in flinging over it a corner of that dusky pall of fatality in which Scott has draped his 'Bride of Lammermoor.' Macleod falls in love with a London actress, a young woman of irreproachable life and with the prospect of a brilliant career, and induces her without difficulty to listen to his suit—which is purely honorable—and to promise to become his wife. She comes to pay a visit to his mother on the island of Mull, and otherwise induces him to believe that she intends to keep faith with him. But she breaks faith, throws him over, becomes engaged to a member of the theatrical world. The young man, who has loved her devotedly, takes her infidelity so terribly to heart that it finally affects his reason. He sails down from Scotland to London in his yacht, induces the young lady, by false representations, to come on board; then, closing the hatches, puts out to sea with her and hurries away northward. The most violent recriminations naturally ensue between the love-crazed Caledonian and the bewildered and outraged actress, which are finally eclipsed by the fury of the elements themselves. A terrible storm overtakes the yacht, which goes down in darkness and thunder. This catastrophe may be called melodramatic; but we should content ourselves with calling it dramatic simply, if Mr. Black had been more completely on a level with his opportunities. It was perfectly competent to him to attempt the portrait of a deep and simple nature, with an hereditary disposition to brutality and violence, wrought upon by a grievous disappointment and converted into the likeness of one of his high-handed ancestors. Macleod is meant for a man of strong and simple passions, a hero quite of the kind so highly appreciated by Stendhal, who loves, if he loves at all, with consuming intensity, and for whom a sentimental disappointment is of necessity a heart-break. The author has evidently done his best to foreshadow his catastrophe and to strike at intervals, through the tale, the note of his hero's formidable sincerity and dangerous temper. If this endeavor fails of its effect, it is for more than one reason. Mr. Black's method of narrative strikes us as rather lax and soft—rather unbusinesslike. He introduces too many scraps of song—this has come to be the earmark of his stories—and though his descriptions of coast scenery and of boating incidents have a great deal of color and brilliancy, we are treated to them in season and out, and they contain overmuch repetition. We end by conceiving an aversion to all that Gaelic geographical nomenclature with which the author's page is so liberally studded, and which in the 'Princess of Thule' appeared so picturesque.

But the weak point of the tale is the figure of the heroine; for here, as it strikes us, Mr. Black has passed beside the mark; and done so with a deliberateness that requires some special explanation. Gertrude White is not in the least the study of an actress, nor indeed, as it seems to us, the study of anything at all. The author had an admirable chance; nothing could have been more dramatic than to bring out the contrast between the artistic temperament, the histrionic genius and Bohemian stamp of the *femme de théâtre*, and the literal mind and purely moral development of her stalwart Highland lover. But the contrast has been missed; Gertrude White, in so far as she has any identity, is almost as much a Puritan and a precisian as her lover; she is nothing of a Bohemian, and we doubt very much whether she was anything of an actress. It was a very gratuitous stroke on Mr. Black's part to represent her as one. Her profession plays no part in the story, and the hero greatly dislikes the theatre and goes to see his mistress but two or three times on the stage. The reader involuntarily thinks of the very different manner in which two or three French novelists he could name would have attempted the portrait of Gertrude White—of how minutely they would have studied it, how different a type they would have suggested, and how many details and small realities they would have given us. The merit of 'Macleod of Dare' is in its grace and picturesqueness, and in the romantic portrait of the hero.

Memoirs of Anna Jameson. By Geraldine Macpherson. (London: Longmans; Boston: Roberts Bros. 1878.)—This brief account of Mrs. Jameson's laborious career is very interesting and touching—we use the latter word for two reasons. In the first place, Mrs. Jameson's life was one of effort and labor, although at the same time it was, in many ways, a life of enjoyment. Secondly, this volume is the composition of a much-loved niece, who spent the greater part of her own career in Rome. This lady collected the materials for her work and performed her task in the midst of sad personal tribulations—poverty, illness, and bereavement; and she died while the little monument that she had erected to her aunt's perhaps slightly waning celebrity was on the point of being made public. The reader will not fail to regret that she should not have reaped the reward of her piety; for the thing had been a labor of love, and, as Mrs. Macpherson conceived, of justice to a memory cruelly disparaged by that very heavy-handed genius, Miss Martineau, in that lady's own lately-published memoirs. The book is written with a great deal of grace and skill, and strikes us as a model volume of its kind. It is the brief history of a long life devoted to art, literature, and friendship—one of those frequent women's lives which are occupied, to the public sense, with the production of charming things, but which are in fact pervaded by sharp private trouble.

Mrs. Jameson's writings have, in these days of strongly accentuated literature, lost something of their point, and the most interesting pages in Mrs. Macpherson's volume will perhaps be found to be those which treat of her aunt's marriage and her singular relations with her husband. This was a very odd and unhappy episode, but the oddity almost exceeds the misery. Mr. Jameson died in Canada in 1851, and there had been no children of the marriage, so that one is able to speak of the husband, who occupied a post in the Canadian administration, with some frankness. He must have been a profoundly exasperating person—a fact that became evident only four days after his marriage, when, on a certain rainy Sunday, he went out to spend the day with some friends and left his wife at home, in lodgings, to meditate on the situation. What we mean by calling the latter odd is that the incongruity of the union revealed itself within a week after the wedding. One wonders how this ceremony came to take place at all. Mrs. Macpherson relates an episode which is far from provoking smiles—it is, in fact, almost tragical. We allude to Mrs. Jameson's journey to Canada, in the year 1836, to join her husband, who had been for some time established there. She spent the winter at Toronto, half frozen, and acutely regretting and missing the occupations and the society she had left. Her husband, who had promised her a warm reception, gave her none at all, and there is something extremely pathetic in the account of her lonely arrival, first at New York and then, after a winter journey of many days, made as winter journeys were made in America in 1836, on the snow-bound strand of Lake Ontario. In New York she had not found even a letter to welcome her, and at Toronto she made her way to her husband's house on foot, alone, and in tears. It is almost, from a very comprehensive point of view, to be hoped that Mr. Jameson was not at home when she arrived. The ill-assorted pair separated at the end of the winter and never met again, Mrs. Jameson returning from the Canadian snows to the more congenial circles of Rome and Weimar.

Mrs. Jameson certainly had a gift for loving and being loved in other relations of life. No one had warmer or more constant friends among women and men, and her family appear to have folded their hands and expected her to support them with a serenity which her life justified. Her friendship for Lady Byron made a great portion of her happiness while it lasted, and the pang of its abrupt termination, in her own words, "broke her heart." We think the causes of that lamentable breach are not quite accurately stated. As we have heard the story, there was more excuse than is here implied for Lady Byron's torture of wounded feelings, but none for the pitiless quality which justly named her "The Implacable." Mrs. Jameson's generous self-sacrifice in sundering completely her relations with Major Noel, while her affection for him was unchanged, because she considered that he owed duty to Lady Byron and that he could no longer be the friend of both, was a noble decision made in an hour of bitter suffering. We are speaking of the woman rather than the authoress, which is quite the tendency of the Memoirs, but Mrs. Jameson deserves honorable remembrance from the many who were gently led along the storied entrance halls of art by her graceful and reverent touch. Books more learned, more searching, more strictly organized have been written since, but Mrs. Jameson made it clear to the narrowest capacity that the meaning of a picture was as much to be studied as its beauty, and thence followed, naturally, many things that have been.

specialized since her time. Nobody who is susceptible to the artistic atmosphere, who feels the blessed refuge it affords from the "chances and changes of this mortal life," will speak slightly of Mrs. Jameson. Hers were not the days of "severe studies from the nude pursued by mixed companies of men and maidens," nobody had said that "an angel was a nonsense," and her amiable draperies float easily over limbs anything but anatomical. Life had more drapery in those days, analysis was not held to include all healthy mental action, hope and belief had not been reduced to a *caput-mortuum*, and Mrs. Jameson was of her time. Her tablet in the temple is neither massive nor sculptured in alto-rilievo, but is wrought all over with graceful outlines, and stands in memory of a true believer.

Children's Books.—We cannot recommend Mr. C. C. Coffin's 'Story of Liberty' (Harpers) as a book for young people. Its merit is that it contains the heroic and entertaining incidents which illustrate the history of liberty, from Runnymede to Plymouth Rock, collected in one volume, told with vivacity and provided with a great abundance of illustrations, which are generally graphic and instructive, if not always new or even relevant. But the vivacity is strained sometimes to the point of jerkiness, and marred throughout by a constant use of the present tense. Many of the illustrations, too, are such as no careful parent would like to put into the hands of his children; such a parent will certainly take his penknife and cut out pages 84 to 90, which contain a detailed account of the tortures of the Inquisition, illustrated by a multitude of frightful pictures such as would be a veritable nightmare to children of any sensitiveness. But even this is not so bad as the distorted view of events, characters, and parties which will be got from so one-sided an account. Let us by all means instil reverence for the men and the movements out of which our Protestant and republican institutions have grown; but a proper appreciation of these is not to be derived from the sensational pictures and stories contained in this book. They are fitted to make fanatics, not calm and earnest champions. The author takes pains, for example, to tell his readers that there were good and holy monks, but he gives pictures only of gross and sensual ones; and so far does he go in his caricature of history as to depict the ascetic statesman, Dunstan, as a fat and drunken barefooted friar (p. 34). In a book made up in the way this is it is not worth the trouble to search into special inaccuracies, but we should like to know the authority for the story (p. 18) of Richard Cœur de Lion feasting upon the bodies of his Saracen prisoners. By the way, the number of prisoners slaughtered by his orders in cold blood was not sixty thousand, but two thousand seven hundred—and those not prisoners, but hostages.

Miss Kirkland has composed her 'Short History of France, for Young People' (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.) in the way in which a history for young people ought to be written. That is, she has aimed to present a consecutive and agreeable story from which the reader can not only learn the name of kings and the succession of events, but can also receive a vivid and permanent impression as to characters, modes of life, and the spirit of different periods. The author has that rare quality among writers of history, knowing what to omit; and appreciates to the full that fundamental rule for a writer of children's histories—never to give a proper name or a date in the narrative which is not indispensable. The book is, therefore, admirably adapted to its purpose. Only the author has neglected a rule which is the complement of that given above, that the names and dates omitted in the narration should be given in abundant lists and tables. The reader should not be distracted, and the student confused, by such an infinity of detail as most writers of school histories seem to consider necessary; but he wants to have this matter at hand when he needs it. We advise Miss Kirkland, therefore, to expand her very brief table of contents into a summary of the matter contained in each chapter, and the list of kings into a complete chronological and genealogical table, and to add an index and two or three historical maps. This system of omissions has, moreover, its dangers; one must be on the watch to see that really necessary items are not passed over. For example, in this book we have an account (p. 188) of the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Marguerite of Valois; we have no notice of their divorce in 1599, and his new marriage, but the reader is left to suppose that the queen crowned (p. 207) and the weak and unprincipled queen-mother (p. 210) are this same Marguerite of Valois, and to guess, as best he can, who is the Mary de' Medici mentioned at last on page 217. The statement (p. 303) that "M. Thiers was made President of the French Republic for a term of years" is incorrect. The effort to do this was made in August, 1871, but failed, and he remained what he had been before, "nothing

more than the servant of the House, a first minister charged with executive powers."

Parents who have read 'The Cuckoo Clock' will take on trust Mrs. Molesworth's 'Grandmother Dear' (Macmillan), and will not be disappointed. It tells of some English children going to live with their grandmother in France. The scene of the story has not much to do with it: the author's concern is with the development of character, and seldom does one meet with the wisdom, tact, humor, and good-breeding which pervade this little book. Thoughtful girls in their teens, and even their rude brothers, will have their moral sense quickened by perusing it, and it has the rare merit of being suggestive to parents without becoming a story about children instead of for children. There are many indications that the personages are copied from real life; and whether they are or not, Mrs. Molesworth has given them an individuality and consistency which prove her literary art to be not inferior to her kindly insight and sound judgment in the management of the young.

In spite of an undue reverence for Prof. Max Müller and acceptance of the sun-myth theory in all its length and breadth—and thickness, we are tempted to add—Mr. John Thackeray Bunce's 'Fairy Tales: Their Origin and Meaning' (Macmillan) must be pronounced a useful book, fairly down to the level of childish comprehension, and simply and entertainingly composed. Nothing but good can come of the comparisons here instituted between the mythology and folk-lore of the several Aryan nations. Norse, Gaelic, German, Russian, Greek, and Indian fables are delightfully mingled, and their identity established with an effect quite broadening to the juvenile understanding. The book is beautifully printed and bound.

Mr. R. Caldecott's latest caricatures should not be overlooked by purveyors for the nursery. His 'John Gilpin' and 'House that Jack Built' (Routledge) are *sui generis*, and irresistibly funny as well as clever. One hardly knows which to admire most—the full-page color prints, or the outline sketches in the brown ink of the text. Happy the generation that is brought up on such masters as Mr. Caldecott and Walter Crane!

The Latin Speaker. Easy dialogues and other selections for memorizing and declaiming in the Latin language. By Frank Sewall, A.M. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.)—As far as can be gathered from the peculiar English in the preface of this book, the editor feels that the "deadness of our modern methods of teaching Latin" neutralizes all good results of its study, and fancies that a real classical renaissance can be brought about if pupils will only memorize and properly declaim their lessons. As a means to this end he has filled three-fourths of his book with selections from the Bible, Corderius, Erasmus, and the mediæval hymns, and the remaining fourth with genuine Latin from five standard authors—Horace alone furnishing the poetry. The extracts from the Bible and from Corderius are accompanied by an English translation; the remainder is the unadorned Latin text. The English of the Corderius is extremely bald, and would often be hardly intelligible without the presence of the original. The editor advocates the Continental method of pronouncing Latin, though by "Continental" he evidently means German. He deliberately proposes still further to "revitalize" Latin by giving its words the modern arrangement, and—ignoring the quantitative feature of the language—by having the poetry declaimed and sung with a strong accent. The spelling of the Latin words is simply scandalous in view of the results gained in this field by modern scholarship. The book bristles throughout with typographical errors, and the prevailing character of the editing leaves it doubtful to whom the hundreds of wrongly-marked quantities are due. As specimens of the style and scholarship of the work we give only these: "Where will you be staid for?" "Father is returned out of France"; "It is good leisure that is consumed in honest business"; "m'ridiem"; "concio"; "coena"; "index" (judge); "prohiberit."

The aim of the author, if he had only intelligently recognized and pursued it, can be heartily commended, but the appearance of a book for educational purposes with such unscholarly and slovenly accompaniments must be earnestly deprecated.

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